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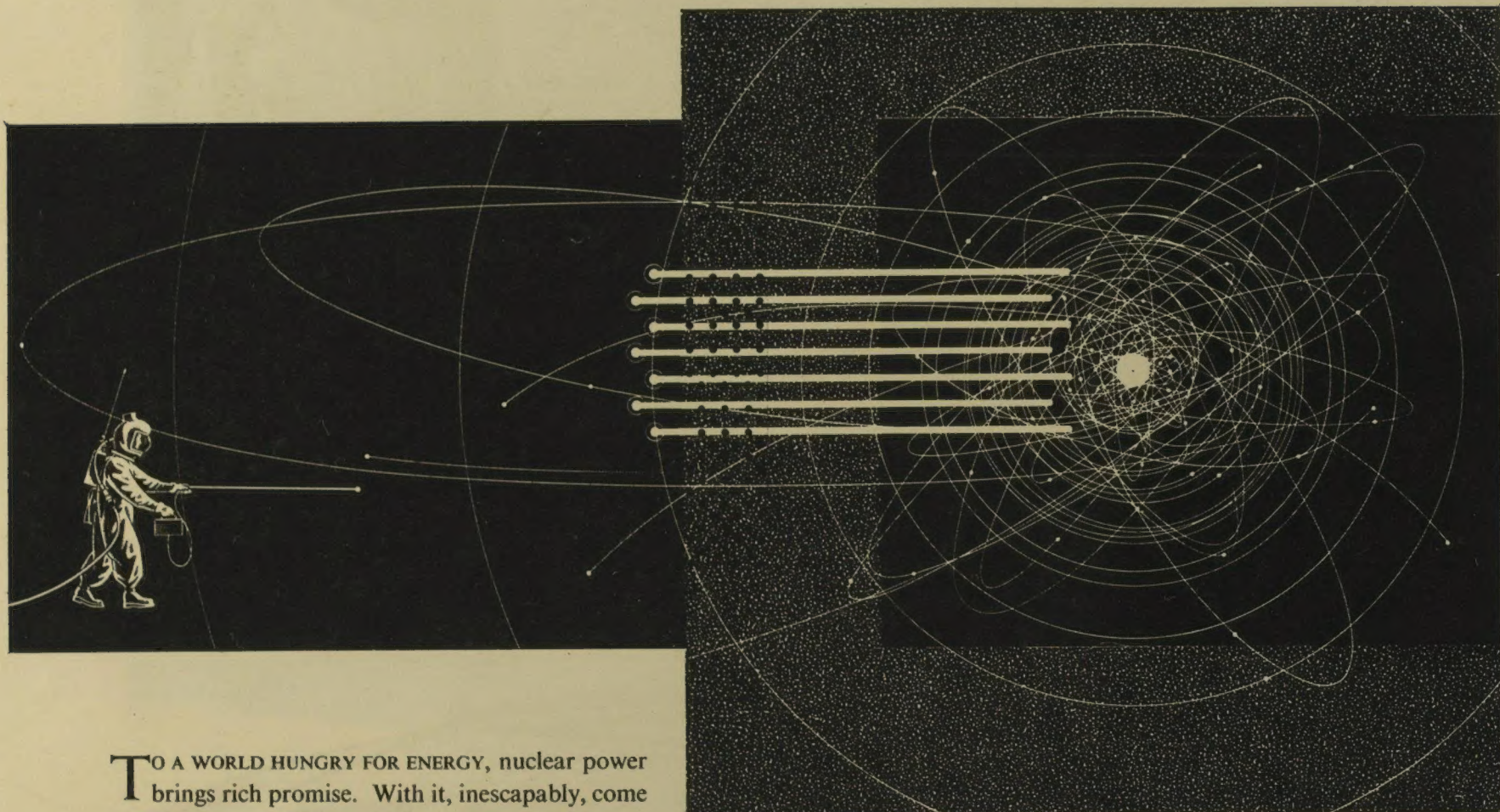
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WITHIN THE LETHAL ZONE

Shell meets the challenge



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Here was the challenge... Where was the answer? Shell was first to foresee the problem. In 1953, a special group was set up at Shell's Thornton Research Centre to study the effects of atomic radiation on lubricants. Searching tests took place there and under actual reactor radiation at the

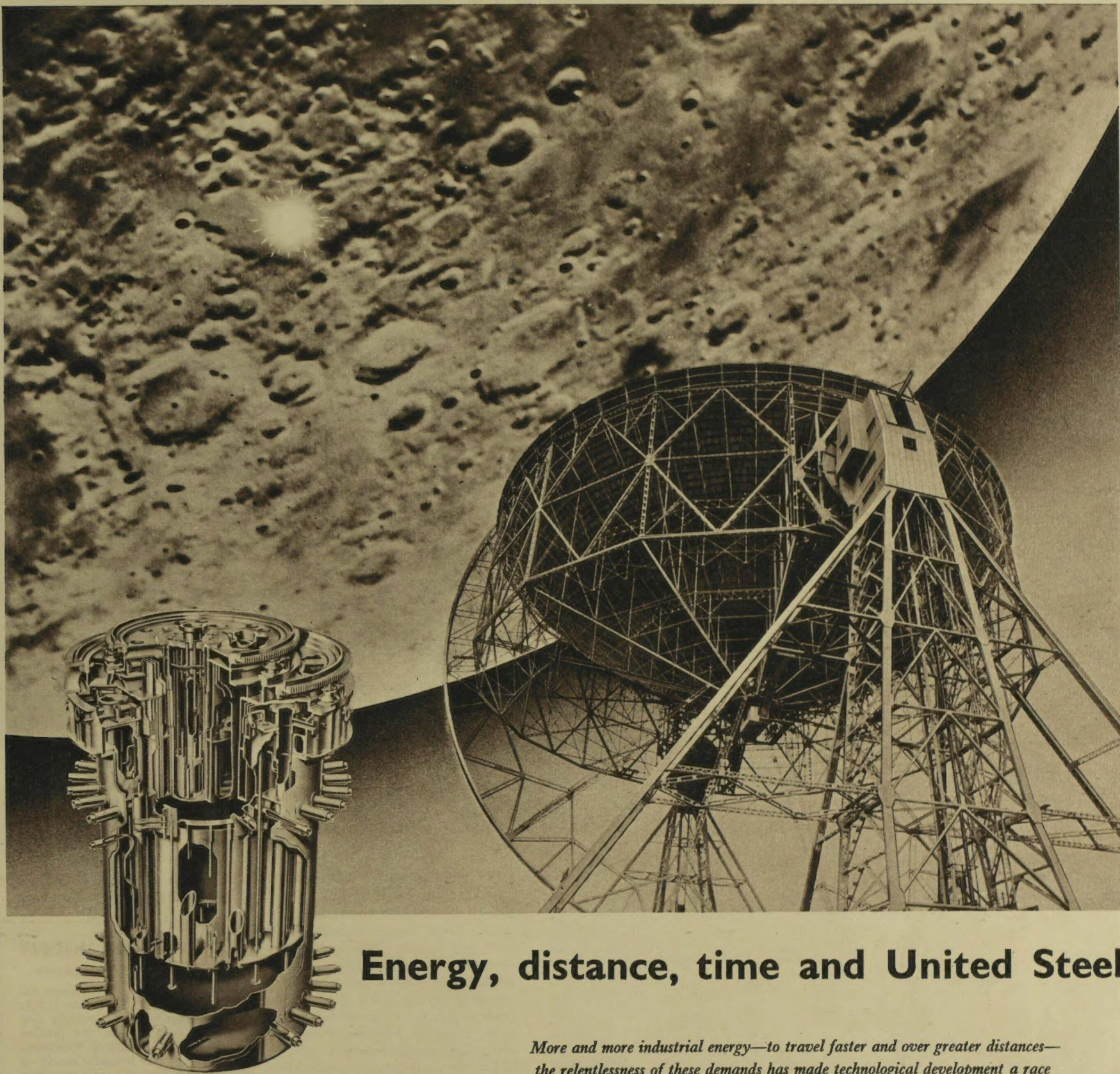
Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell; and in 1957, after four years of research, Shell introduced the first-ever range of Atomic Power Lubricants, named Shell APL.

This is still the only range of proved radiation-resistant lubricants on the market. Oils and greases from this range, as well as other Shell Industrial Lubricants, are in daily use both at Harwell and at Calder Hall, England, the world's first full-scale nuclear power station. They have also been chosen for the new British atomic power station now being built at Bradwell, Essex.

Here is Shell "Leadership in Lubrication" in action—anticipating a need, undertaking fundamental research, and finally developing the products to solve a problem of world-wide importance.



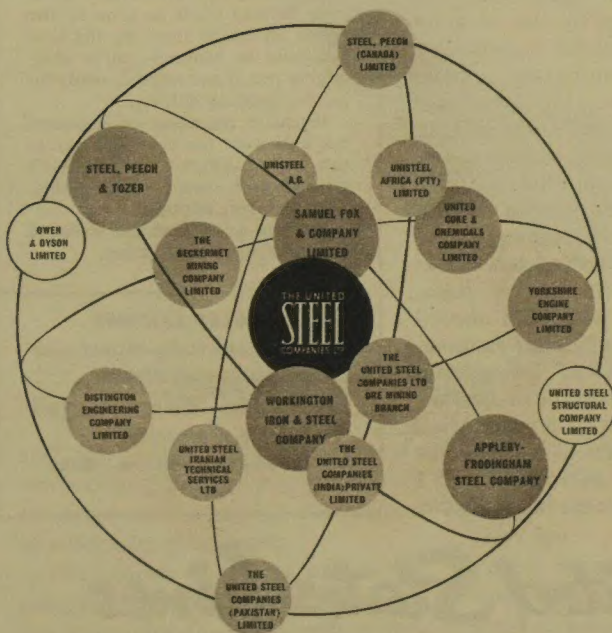
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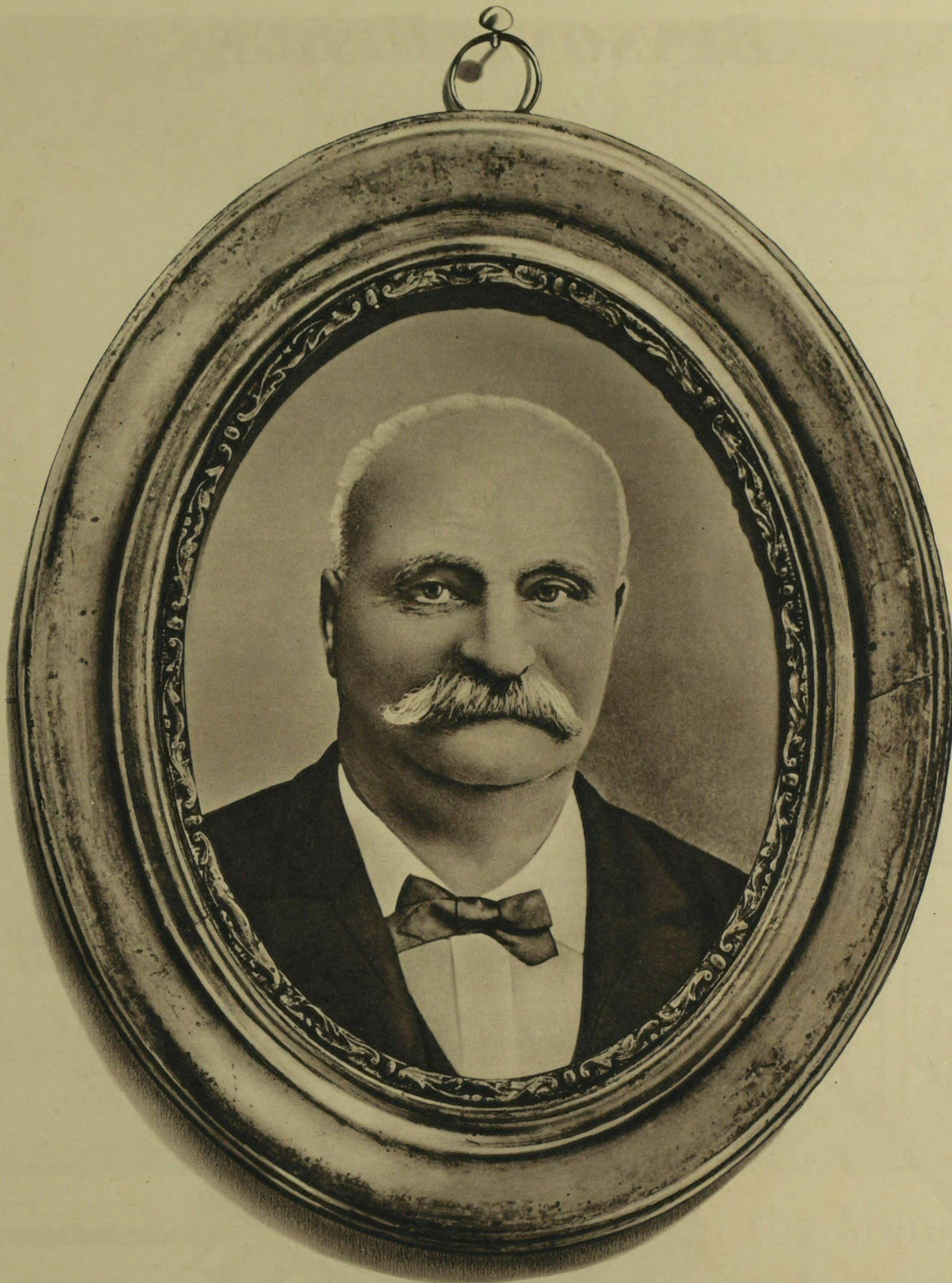
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“Chacun son goût !” SAID EUGENE MERCIER IN 1858

“and my taste is for conservative revolutions.” Whereupon he quietly set about revolutionising the method of producing champagne.

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summers, he had the Gallic nerve to establish himself in our town of Epernay in 1858—exactly a hundred years ago.

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was recognised throughout France as one of the great Marques.

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natural, when you know, as we do, that Champagne Mercier is made by men who have dedicated their lives to their calling.

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Birianee

is a cross between a curry and a pilaff. It gets pride of place here simply because it looks so pretty.

A Guinness Guide to Curry on the Menu

TO SPEAK of "curry" as though it were one dish is like crediting Britain with a single pudding. There are hundreds of curries. Almost anything, animal or vegetable, can be curried, and in dozens of different ways.

SOME KINDS OF CURRY

MADRAS curry is very much hotter, and also thinner, than BENGAL or BOMBAY curries, some of which are quite mild.

KEEMA curries are made with minced meat. BHOONA dishes (for example Bhoona chicken) are dry curries, and KOAFTAHS are made of balls of minced meat and spices. MACHHLI curry is

made of fish, and is particularly delicious. DHANSAK indicates a dish with lentils and brown rice.

ANDA JHEENGA curry has a basis of hard boiled eggs and prawns; KOLMI PATIA is a dry prawn curry.

The side dishes. Part of the pleasure of eating curry lies in the array of side dishes. There is no orthodox ritual about them. Have what you like: POPPADAMS, big, round, paper-thin wafers; CHAPPATTIS or PARRATTAS, like pancakes (but not if you have rice); Bombay duck, which is cured fish; chutneys, chillis, gherkins, pickled fish, mango, or BRINJAL (aubergine); a dish of yogurt or DHALL (lentils).

CURRY AND GUINNESS. Curry calls for a smooth drink as its table companion, and creamy Guinness would be hard to better. Moreover its clean vigorous taste is not overwhelmed by the hot spices—and in fact does not war with them at all. Above all curry demands a thirst-quencher and this Guinness is *par excellence*.

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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1958.



THE FIRST MAN IN OUTER SPACE ?

Does this photograph show a great moment in the history of space travel? A man floats freely in outer space near a glowing satellite. Reminiscent of an artist's vision of space travel, that is the impression given by this remarkable photograph. But it is an illusion. In fact, it shows an American naval officer—Commander Harrison R. Fehr III—testing a parachute and

related equipment, and dropping towards the Salton Sea, a shallow, saline lake near El Centro, California. The reflection of the sun on the lake's surface caused the unusual light effect. Commander Fehr is the officer in charge of the parachute unit of the U.S. Naval Auxiliary Air Station at El Centro, an agricultural town reclaimed from the desert by irrigation.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

CHANCE the other day caused me to take down from a little-used bookshelf in a dark corridor an unfamiliar volume. It was entitled "Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing," by Charles Jarrott—once a famous racing motorist and a pioneer of the sport. It was published in 1906 with a frontispiece by Leslie Ward ("Spy") and numerous photographs. I have no idea how it got on my shelves or how I came to possess it, and I cannot recall having ever before seen it. But after looking at the pictures of those strange early automobiles with their high bicycle-like wheels, vast headlights and indelicately exposed interiors, I found myself, first turning the pages of the text, and then reading, entranced. For they brought back to me a world at once familiar and unfamiliar. The rustic and urban scenes, the park railings, the wayside pubs, the crowds of bowler-hatted countrymen and cyclists in Norfolk jackets, cloth caps and tight knickerbockers, in front of which these astonishing early automobiles performed their erratic and unpredictable evolutions were the background and *dramatis personæ* of my own early youth; I may myself, without knowing it, have seen the heroic Mr. Jarrott seated high above the road in his "70" Panhard, or in some early Napier or Wolseley, driving through the London streets. But the contests in which he took part—the dusty, untarmacked highways of England and the Continent along which he and his rivals raced through dense clouds of dust regardless of life and limb, the "sensations of fearful speed," the skids and ditchings, collisions and explosions, the cheering crowds, the flags and the white banner stretched across the road at the finishing point, all these belonged to a world in which I have never had any part either as a child or at any other time in my life. And I read of them entranced, much as Keats when he first dipped into Chapman's Homer! "What do I remember of that race?" Mr. Jarrott writes of the Paris-Madrid contest of 1903—stopped by the French Government when the survivors of the first day reached Bordeaux after a succession of fatal accidents—"long avenues of trees, top-heavy with foliage, and gaunt in their very nakedness of trunk; a long, never-ending white ribbon, stretching away to the horizon; the holding of a bullet directed to that spot on the sky-line where earth and heaven met; fleeting glimpses of towns and dense masses of people—mad people, insane and reckless, holding themselves in front of the bullet to be ploughed and cut and maimed to extinction, evading the inevitable at the last moment in frantic haste; overpowering relief, as each mass was passed and each chance of catastrophe escaped; and beyond all, a horrible feeling of being hunted. Hundreds of cars behind, of all sizes and powers, and all of them at my heels, travelling over the same road, perhaps faster than I, and all striving to overtake me, pour dust over me, and leave me behind as they sped on to the distant goal of Bordeaux." * There is an account in Jarrott's book of how he and a companion—one of the most famous of all pioneer racing motorists—first saw by chance as spectators one of the cars in which they were wont to race, travelling at full speed. It was at Bastogne, in the Ardennes—where forty-two years

later Germans and Americans were to engage in a contest of a very different kind—just before the *Circuit des Ardennes* Race of July 31, 1902, which Jarrott won for England, covering the 318-mile course on rough hill roads in blinding dust-clouds in 5 hours 53 minutes and 39 seconds at an average speed of 54 miles an hour.

While walking down the road with De Knyff and Clément prior to the race we had an exciting experience. De Knyff and I had, of course, driven in the Paris-Vienna race the big 70 h.p. Panhards which were the racing-cars of the year, but neither of us had ever seen as a spectator one of these cars on the road travelling at top speed. Suddenly in the distance a little speck appeared and a sound like the droning of a bee could be heard. This sound became more and more distinct as the speck approached us, leaving behind a fan-like tail of dust. It was George Heath on his 70 h.p. Panhard just returning from a final run round the

with a red flag, and the start of a free-for-all celebratory run to Brighton with no restrictions on the motorist's liberty other than a twelve-mile-an-hour speed-limit. "Huge flares were being carried about from one machine to another to assist in lighting up the burners for the cars, which at that time were innocent of electric ignition. An occasional petrol blaze was seen through the fog, making the scene resemble a veritable inferno. In addition to this, the noise from the motors, which, after desperate efforts, the various persons interested had succeeded in getting started, prevented the merely human voice from being heard. . . . The spectators had availed themselves of every possible point of vantage, to view for the first time these wonderful machines which were that day allowed to be run upon English roads. Lamp-posts, housetops, balconies were all occupied,

and the thousands thronging the roadways made the passage for our car almost impossible." † The run itself proved a rather chaotic affair, scarcely anyone who took part, except for a few excited and gesticulating French "mechanicians"—chauffeurs, as they later became called—having any idea how far any particular car would go on its fuel capacity. "Mr. Gorton, Jun., rode a fearful and wonderful tricycle which started off with many kicks and jumps, much to the alarm of the crowd. . . . Duncan, on his Bollé machine, charged a hedge, landing himself and his passenger in a field, and eventually appeared being ignominiously towed behind a common cart. Stoppages were the rule, and, as hardly anybody on the cars knew anything about them, devices to get going again were varied and ingenious," and few of them, it seems, successful! At the end of the day everyone who had imagined that horses were about to be superseded by the new automobiles—including even the alarmed horse-dealers and saddlers—"relapsed into placid contentment and felt secure that the good old-fashioned animal used by our forefathers was in no danger of being displaced." Yet within a decade—one delightfully described in Mr. Jarrott's pages—the revolution was already far advanced, and even motor-buses and taxis were making their appearance on the roads, expelling horse-buses, hansom cabs and four-wheelers.

Well, the game begun at the old Hotel Metropole some sixty years ago has had a notable run and it is not over yet! The latest Return of Offences Relating to Motor Vehicles in England and Wales shows that there were nearly three-quarters of a million motoring offences or alleged offences in 1956 alone, while in the past thirty years some 200,000 of our people—many times more than lost their lives in liberating France and Belgium from the Germans—have been killed on our highways, and nearly 6,000,000 more injured. "I would like," Mr. Jarrott wrote in 1906, "those who have already appreciated to what extent the motor has broadened and extended their possibilities in life to imagine how much poorer their existence would be without it. Surely they will congratulate themselves that their day is in the twentieth century, and not in the Dark Ages when the merry hum of the motor was unknown, and the whir of the wheels making sweet music had not been heard."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.



REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF "HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS": THE PRIME MINISTER SPEAKING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER IN BURLINGTON HOUSE ON APRIL 29.

The annual Royal Academy dinner, held three days before the Private View of the Summer Exhibition, was attended by a large and distinguished company, which included the Honorary Academician Extraordinary, Sir Winston Churchill, who has four paintings in the Exhibition. The toast of "The Royal Academy" was proposed by Sir Kenneth Clark, Chairman of the Arts Council, who referred to the enormous change in the general attitude to modern art which had taken place in the last five years. In replying to Sir Kenneth the President, Sir Charles Wheeler, spoke of the Picasso mural for the Unesco building in Paris as "eight hundred square feet of absurdity"—one of the few pieces of sharp criticism in an evening of speeches far more restrained than is usual on this notable occasion. The President and principal guests sat under a huge canvas by John Bratby—one of his three large and dominating works in this exhibition—which acted as a strong reminder that the Royal Academy has again opened its doors to numerous examples of more advanced "modern art."

course, and we crouched into the hedge as the bounding, swaying monster came on to us; and I shall never forget my sensation as, with an appalling crash, he shot by, leaving us enveloped in the huge dust-cloud. We got out of the ditch and gazed at one another. Even De Knyff never seemed to have realised how fast these cars were capable of travelling, and it certainly was a startling revelation to me. When we were talking to Heath about it afterwards, he explained that at that particular point he was just slowing up. ‡

Yet, reading Mr. Jarrott's account of those far-off days, the passages I enjoyed most were those describing, not the great international races, but the ordinary adventures of everyday motoring on English highways. His book opens with the scene at the Hotel Metropole, London—now long vanished—on November 14, 1896, "a foggy, dull, wet, typical November morning," when the leading pioneers of English motoring met to celebrate the abolition of the sixty-year-old law forbidding the use of any mechanically-propelled vehicle on the public highway except when preceded by a man

* Charles Jarrott, "Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing," Grant Richards. pp. 165-166.

† "Idem," pp. 157-158.

‡ "Idem," pp. 1-2.

DURING HER RECENT TOUR OF THE WEST INDIES: PRINCESS MARGARET IN TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO.



AT THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE NEAR ARIMA: PRINCESS MARGARET LOOKING AT COCOA TREES.



AT PORT OF SPAIN COUNTRY CLUB: PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE DINNER GIVEN IN HER HONOUR BY SIR EDWARD BEETHAM, THE GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD.



AT ARIMA: PRINCESS MARGARET, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR OF ARIMA, TALKING TO SOME CHILDREN AS A SMALL GIRL (LEFT) IS GENTLY BUT FIRMLY REMOVED FROM THE GRASS.



SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN TOBAGO: PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL WHICH SHE VISITED.



WEARING A STRIKING SEMI-CHEMISE DRESS: PRINCESS MARGARET EXAMINING COCOA PODS AT THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE, ST. AUGUSTINE, TRINIDAD.



WEARING A WIDE-BRIMMED HAT IN THE BRILLIANT SUNSHINE: PRINCESS MARGARET LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A NEW TOWN HALL FOR PORT OF SPAIN, WHICH IT IS HOPED WILL BE COMPLETED BY JANUARY, 1960.

Although Princess Margaret's main purpose in visiting Trinidad was to inaugurate the new West Indian Federation, she also fulfilled a crowded programme of official engagements. One of the places she visited was the little inland town of Arima, from earliest times a Carib Indian stronghold

and the only borough in the West Indies with a Royal charter (it was granted by Queen Victoria in 1888). On April 26 Princess Margaret arrived in Tobago by air on the second stage of her West Indies tour. The three days she spent in Tobago included some time free from engagements.

BRITISH GUIANA'S GREAT WELCOME TO PRINCESS MARGARET: SCENES IN THE



DURING A CHILDREN'S RALLY ON THE CRICKET CLUB GROUND, GEORGETOWN, PRINCESS MARGARET, STANDING IN A LAND-ROVER, DRIVING PAST FLAG-WAVING CHILDREN.



ON HER FIRST FULL DAY IN GEORGETOWN, PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WORE A LILAC SILK DRESS, PLANTING A TREE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS. SHE WORE DARK GLASSES IN THE BLAZING SUNSHINE.

ON April 29, at the end of her three-day visit to Tobago, Princess Margaret flew to British Guiana for the next stage of her tour. From Atkinson Field, twenty-five miles from Georgetown, the Princess made the rest of the journey to the city by river boat. She was accompanied by the officials, including Dr. Jagan and Mrs. Jagan, who greeted her at the airport. Georgetown was *en fete* for the Royal visit, its streets were gay with flags and banners, and the people assembled in their thousands to greet the Princess. On April 30 Princess Margaret had a full day of engagements which included a children's rally, a visit to a museum and the botanical gardens, a tour of a housing estate and an evening reception, attended by more than 1200 people, which had to be held indoors because of heavy rain. On May 1 Princess Margaret's day started with a ceremonial drive through the capital, after which she watched a long parade of decorated floats which included a red-shirted contingent of organised labour with a float inscribed "God bless the Queen and trade unionism." In the afternoon, accompanied by the

(Continued below.)



ON HER ARRIVAL IN GEORGETOWN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AS PRINCESS MARGARET DROVE IN AN OPEN CAR TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY.



ARRIVING TO INSPECT A HOUSING ESTATE: PRINCESS MARGARET BEING GREETED BY MRS. JAGAN, MINISTER OF LABOUR, HEALTH AND HOUSING, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE PRINCESS DURING HER VISIT TO THE ESTATE.



LEAVING ONE OF THE HOUSES WHICH SHE VISITED AT THE CAMPBERVILLE HOUSING ESTATE IN GEORGETOWN: PRINCESS MARGARET BEING ADMIRER BY A FASCINATED GROUP OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

(Continued.) Sir Patrick Renison, the Princess visited the British Guiana Volunteer Force to present the Queen's Colour, which was consecrated by the Archbishop of the West Indies, the Most Rev. A. J. Knight. Owing to the threat of rain the ceremony took place in one of the large warehouses on the wharf. In the evening Princess Margaret attended a State dinner party

COLONY'S CAPITAL DURING THE ROYAL VISIT.



DURING THE PROCESSION OF FLOATS ON MAY DAY: A MOCK PYRAMID BEING HAULED PAST PRINCESS MARGARET (RIGHT). (RIGHT) ON HER LAST DAY IN GEORGETOWN: PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S COLOUR TO THE BRITISH GUIANA VOLUNTEER FORCE.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE COLONY'S LOYAL WELCOME: PRINCESS MARGARET WAVING TO THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF GEORGETOWN'S TOWN HALL.



DURING THE GEORGETOWN PARADE OF DECORATED FLOATS: A DAILY-DRESSED STEEL BAND PASSING THE DAIS ON WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET WAS SITTING.



AT A RECEPTION GIVEN IN HER HONOUR BY THE GOVERNOR, SIR PATRICK RENISON, AND LADY RENISON: THE PRINCESS TALKING TO SOME OF THE GUESTS WHO NUMBERED OVER A THOUSAND.

at Government House and afterwards visited the Volunteer Force Regimental Ball. She wore a dress of white satin, with a full crinoline skirt, which was embroidered with diamonds and rubies. Among the members of the Government and the local dignitaries present were Dr. Jagan and his wife. On May 2 the Princess left by air for British Honduras, and the last lap of her Caribbean tour.



ARRIVING FOR A CONCERT GIVEN BY THE BRITISH GUIANA FESTIVAL COMMITTEE: THE PRINCESS IN A BLACK-SPOTTED WHITE ORGANZA DRESS, CARRYING AN OSTRICH FEATHER FAN.

ON April 30 a small force consisting of a detachment of the Buffs and a company of the Aden Levies, commanded by Major W. Boucher Myers, raised the siege of Assarir. There Mr. Fitzroy Somerset, political adviser to the Dhala Emirate, and an Arab garrison said to be only thirty strong had been besieged for a week by a considerable rebel force, which may have been aided by men from the Yemen. The rescue forces, backed by R.A.F. aircraft which attacked with bombs and machine-guns, had a lively advance. They were stoutly opposed by the rebels from caves in the steep escarpment which they had to surmount. For the last phase Lieut.-Colonel Lister, in command of the whole operation, sent in a troop of the 13/18th Hussars to provide covering fire. Since then the Sultan of Lahej, visiting London, has protested against the presence of British troops in his sultanate.

Forty-three years ago, in July 1915, the Turks, then overlords of Arabia, attacked Aden in force and momentarily established themselves on the isthmus. They were chased away by an Indian brigade from Egypt. However, the War Office, for once in that war firm against opening yet another side-show, refused all pleas to go beyond Sheikh Othman, covering the approach to the isthmus. So a couple of skeleton Turkish divisions sat in the sultanate of Lahej and the southern Yemen until after the armistice with Turkey in 1918, living on the country. Their occupation of the friendly sultanate for over three years was the first blow ever dealt to British prestige in those parts.

It is only too well known that a number of attempts have since been made to lower it. The combination of Arab nationalism, Colonel Nasser's ambitions, and Russian mischief-making is a strong one. It is a matter beyond doubt that cargoes of arms have entered the Yemeni port of Hodeida. Field artillery and mortars which have fired across the frontier of the Yemen almost certainly come from one of the satellite countries, if not from Russia. Tanks are known to have been landed, though they have not been seen on the frontier. Propaganda has been rife. Some technical experts are certainly present. Indeed, there would have been no point in sending the more complex arms and equipment without them.

The relations between the United Kingdom and the little group of the coast states are complicated by the fact that the treaties are not all on the same lines and some of them are imprecise. However, there can be no doubt regarding the precision and solidity of that with Lahej, the State now in the limelight. A federation of all the states would certainly be welcomed by the British Government, but the extreme nationalists want something very different, a federation with the Arab Republic, and it may be taken that the Imam of the Yemen and Colonel Nasser want that, too. It is from the Yemen that the direct incitation to rebellion has come on all occasions. This time it was reported that some Yemenis were seen in the fight, but not regular troops.

This trouble, by no means the first, will not be the last. I do not say that the situation will grow more menacing—that will depend in part upon ourselves—but the pressure is certain to grow and it may be that the present strength on the spot will not then prove adequate. Practice in raiding and the encouragement of sedition will improve efficiency in carrying out these forms of annoyance. The mentors and the tools are at hand. And we know that in any case a technique, much more

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TROUBLE IN THE ADEN PROTECTORATE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

formidable than any to be met with before the war, has spread far and wide, with modifications to meet the circumstances and the local conditions.



THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ, SIR ALI ABDUL KARIM AL ABDALI, THE PREMIER SULTAN OF THE WEST ADEN PROTECTORATE, WALKING IN LONDON—WHERE HE RECENTLY ARRIVED FOR A THREE-MONTH VISIT.

The Sultan of Lahej, who arrived in London by air on April 25, has brought his wife for medical treatment but is understood to have put forward the date of his visit in order to discuss recent events in Lahej and in the Aden Protectorate as a whole. He is annoyed at the entry of British troops into Lahej for the purpose of searching for and arresting three brothers, who are suspected of causing trouble by intriguing with "foreign powers."



ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVIES, PART OF THE BRITISH FORCES WHO ENTERED THE LAHEJ SULTANATE TO ARREST THREE TROUBLEMAKERS. ONE OF THESE, ABDULLAH ALI AL JIFFRI, WAS ARRESTED, BUT THE OTHER TWO WERE NOT FOUND.

When I say that the future will depend partly on us, I mean that we must make up our minds to hit hard and quickly when the need arises and—what is more difficult and rarer in national policies—have the spirit and endurance to undergo a long

and unpleasant grind, in which some accidents may well occur and which will bring criticism from those who think we are doing too much and those who think we are doing too little. The test is whether we can stand this grind. While we praise, as we should, the conduct of the little action just fought, I would lay a wager that "top people,"

whether friendly or the reverse, were even more impressed by the way the York and Lancasters were flown out at the shortest notice from the United Kingdom to Aden. This was the action of a Government which meant business and therefore did not resort to half measures. So far, so good.

As a coaling station Aden used to be of enormous importance. It is important still, but it has declined, because ships using oil fuel have longer ranges than those using bunker coal and also because Britain no longer controls the Suez Canal. I presume that study of the situation has included a military, political, and economic appreciation of the value of Aden and the cost of keeping it. One can conceive a situation in which a colonial power would decide that Aden was not worth its cost in unpleasantness and dislike as well as in cash. Indeed, it may be argued that in such cases it is preferable to quit too soon but with dignity rather than hang on too long and have finally to flit ignominiously.

It is the half-and-half policy, built on temporary expedients, that is the most fatal of all. Apart from the Sultan of Lahej—who, despite his grievance about the presence of British troops in the sultanate, has remarked that his treaty is his only protection—the others are all looking on. One yardstick which each and all of them apply to the British in Aden is the degree of protection they provide for the states linked with them by treaty. At the same time they consider the durability of the shield. In their own small world they are intelligent and perceptive men. Once such rulers begin to doubt the policy of a protecting power they start reconsidering their own policies. A protector who does not protect, or who may not continue to do so, is not likely to be regarded with enthusiasm.

These considerations do not involve following a bellicose line; far from it. Any opportunities which occur of reaching better relations with the Imam should, of course, be taken. The toleration with which he has been treated, despite the unfriendly behaviour of his state, also appears appropriate to the situation. But he and those on our side of the frontier who benefit from support within the Yemen must have it made plain to them that we intend to fulfil our responsibilities and that armed uprisings will be crushed with a heavy hand. And, since we do not want to have one man more than is avoidable hit in this form of police-warfare, we shall, as heretofore, use powerful weapons to prevent this.

Air transport has increased not only mobility but choice of stations. For example, a battalion which might be wanted in Aden can, in quiet times, be sent to Kenya, where the climate is better, whereas formerly it would have had to be sent to Aden straight away. Despite drastic reduction of the Army, there will be a strategic reserve. These advantages are not inconsiderable.

Finally, I repeat for the sake of emphasis my view that we might as well pack and go if we are not prepared to meet threats with force. I am happy to say that I believe Her Majesty's Government intends to do the latter.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



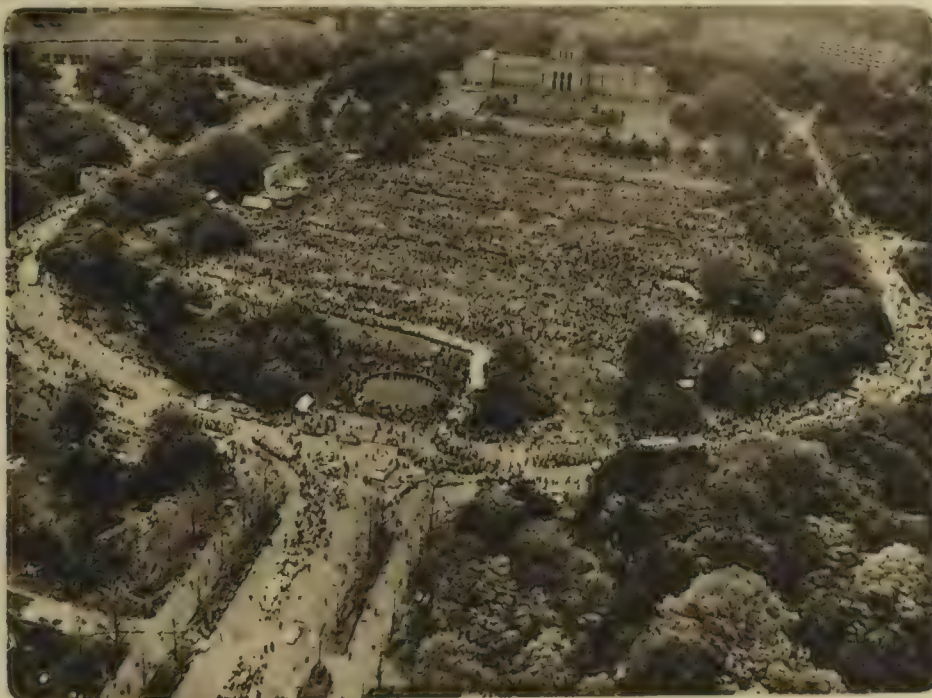
FIUMICINO, ITALY. THE LONGEST RUNWAY IN EUROPE—NOW NEARLY COMPLETE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF ROME'S NEW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AT FIUMICINO, NEAR OSTIA. The first runway of this new airport is 3280 yards long, some 90 yards longer than that at London Airport, hitherto the longest in Europe. The site is one which was drained under Mussolini twenty-five years ago. No date is yet set for the airport's opening. It will have an eventual area of 3707 acres.



SAMARINDA, BORNEO. A VIEW FROM THE WATER OF THE FIRE WHICH SWEEPED THROUGH THE CITY OF SAMARINDA IN EIGHT HOURS, MAKING 10,000 HOMELESS. Recently Samarinda, one of the chief ports on the east coast of Kalimantan, as Indonesian Borneo is now called, was devastated by an eight-hour fire, of no known cause, which did damage estimated at nearly £3,000,000 and made 10,000 people homeless.



MALTA. AT THE MAY DAY RALLY HELD BY PERMISSION OF THE GOVERNOR: MR. MINTOFF (ARMS OUTSTRETCHED) ADDRESSING LABOUR PARTY MEMBERS, AND OTHERS. In the current state of emergency in Malta, assemblies are banned, but permission was given for the "private meeting" on May Day when Mr. Mintoff addressed members of the Labour Party and General Workers' Union.



TOKYO, JAPAN. A JAPANESE MAY DAY: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MEIJI SHRINE OUTER GARDEN, WHERE ABOUT 300,000 JAPANESE TRADE UNIONISTS AND THEIR FAMILIES GATHERED FOR A MAY DAY RALLY, TO WHICH BANNERS CARRYING APPROPRIATE SLOGANS, AND A NUMBER OF LARGE FLAGS AND COLOURFUL BALLOONS GAVE A FESTIVE AIR.



EAST BERLIN. DRIVE YOUR OWN FIELD-PIECE: A NEW PIECE OF MILITARY EQUIPMENT, A SELF-PROPELLED GUN, SEEN IN THE EAST GERMAN MAY DAY PARADE. A feature of May Day in East Berlin was a military parade of the Communist-controlled East German Army in the Marx-Engels Platz; and this self-propelled field gun, which can be driven and handled like a car, was an interesting feature of the parade.



MOSCOW, RUSSIA. MAY DAY IN RED SQUARE, WHERE RAIN CAUSED THE CANCELLATION OF THE USUAL FLY-PAST OF AIRCRAFT. COLONEL NASSER WAS PRESENT AS A GUEST. Rain somewhat spoilt the usual impressive parades of a Moscow May Day; and military observers noted no new military equipment in the army's section of the parade. The speaker was Marshal Malinovsky, the Defence Minister, and his speech has been described as a "peace" speech.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



INDIA. IN A COUNTRY WHERE PROHIBITION HAS BEEN ENFORCED IN A GROWING NUMBER OF DISTRICTS OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS: A MYSORE MILK BAR, NOW A PLACE OF IMPORTANCE, WITH CATTLE TO ASSIST WITH THE MILK SUPPLY TETHERED OUTSIDE.



WEST GERMANY. AT THE INDUSTRIAL FAIR AT HANOVER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE STAND OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED OF ENGLAND IN THE HEAVY ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT SECTION. ALTOGETHER, OVER SEVENTY BRITISH FIRMS EXHIBITED.



JAPAN. AFTER THE PAYMENT OF PROVISIONAL COMPENSATION AND REPAIRED AFTER HITTING A LIGHTHOUSE: *CARONIA* LEAVES DOCK. Following her collision with a lighthouse and breakwater in Yokohama Harbour on April 14, the Cunard liner *Caronia* was repaired at the U.S. naval dockyard at Yokosuka. A Japanese court ordered she should not leave there because of failure to pay compensation. A provisional compensation payment of about £12,000 was later made on April 30.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. AT EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK: INSURANCE-MAN ALBERT GNAT POSES WITH THE 14-FT.-2-INS. LONG SAW-FISH HE CAUGHT AFTER A 24-HOUR BATTLE ON APRIL 26. THE WEIGHT OF THE FISH WAS ESTIMATED AT 1000 LB.



U.S.A. NOW DESIGNATED AS A "UNIVERSAL DRONE-LAUNCHER": THE LOCKHEED C-130 (*HERCULES*) WHICH WILL LAUNCH AND DIRECT HIGH-ALTITUDE TARGETS. The Lockheed C-130, described as a medium assault transport, has been designated a "universal drone-launcher" by the United States Air Force, it was reported recently. The C-130 will be adapted for the launching and direction of drone missiles which will serve as high-altitude targets.



U.S.A. CHIEF FESTUS OKOTIE-EBOH OF NIGERIA AT THE SIGNING OF AN AGREEMENT PROVIDING FOR AID TO NIGERIA FROM THE WORLD BANK. An agreement was signed recently in Washington providing for a loan from the World Bank of \$10,000,000 to aid the expansion of Nigeria's railways. Above are the Nigerian Federal Minister of Finance, in ceremonial dress, the Vice-President of the World Bank, and (left) the British Ambassador in Washington.



WEST GERMANY. AT THE RECENTLY-ADJOURNED INQUIRY IN MUNICH INTO THE MANCHESTER UNITED AIR DISASTER: SOME OF THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES (LEFT). The official inquiry in Munich on the Manchester United airliner crash was adjourned on May 1. It was stated that further scientific evidence was required before a final judgment could be reached. Several possible reasons for the crash were ruled out, and evidence was to be sought about the possible icing-up of the aircraft's wings and other questions.



BRITAIN'S ROYAL AMBASSADOR : H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

IN February 1955 Princess Margaret spent a month touring the West Indies, and this year she was to return as the Queen's special representative to attend the inauguration of the Federal Legislature of the West Indies in Trinidad on April 22. Her tour was to include a visit to Tobago and to British Guiana, which was to be followed by a brief visit to British Honduras before her return to this country on May 7. The Colonial Office stated that Princess Margaret would be the first member of the Royal family to visit Guiana since it was ceded to Britain in 1814-15. In July the Princess is to make her first visit to Canada, where she is going to spend about a fortnight in British Columbia to attend the Province's centenary celebrations, after which she will spend about fifteen days visiting other parts of Canada.

Photograph in colour by Cecil Beaton.



SWEDEN'S ROYAL MARGARET: PRINCESS MARGARETHA, ELDEST GRANDCHILD OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Princess Margaretha of Sweden, who was born on October 31, 1934, is the eldest child of the late Prince Gustaf Adolf (elder son of King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden) and Princess Sibylla of Sweden; and her young brother, the twelve-year-old Prince Carl Gustaf, is Heir Apparent to the Swedish throne. Her aunt is Queen Ingrid of Denmark, and Princess Margaretha is thus cousin to yet another Royal Margareta, Princess Margrethe of Denmark, who recently

came of age and took her place in the Danish State Council. A recent suitor for Princess Margaretha's hand has been Mr. Robin Douglas-Home. No announcement has been made of any engagement between them, but Mr. Douglas-Home visited Stockholm in March and was received by King Gustaf Adolf. Princess Margaretha left Sweden on March 20 for a month's private visit to Spain, travelling incognito as "Miss Margaretha Westroem."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



FAYAL, THE AZORES. SEEN IN A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH: THE CRATER ON THE VOLCANIC ISLAND WHICH APPEARED OUT OF THE SEA CLOSE TO THE ISLAND OF FAYAL LAST OCTOBER. Called "Wretched Island" by the inhabitants, the volcanic island which appeared close to the island of Fayal, in the Azores, last October, is some 800 yards long and 330 ft. high. The volcano remains active, and the ashes have covered a considerable area on the main island.



ISRAEL. INAUGURATED ON APRIL 27: THE SPACIOUS NEW CAMPUS OF THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM ON GIVATH RAM, TO THE WEST OF THE CITY. Four years ago the 175-acre site on Givath Ram, near Jerusalem, was dedicated as the new location for the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. On April 27 the new University was officially inaugurated. Twenty-four buildings are already complete.



JAPAN. SPONSORED BY THE JAPANESE TALENT EDUCATION INSTITUTE: A MASS CHILDREN'S VIOLIN CONCERT IN THE METROPOLITAN GYMNASIUM AT SENDAYAGA, TOKYO. FIFTEEN HUNDRED CHILDREN AGED BETWEEN THREE AND FIFTEEN TOOK PART IN THE CONCERT.



WESTERN GERMANY. A NEW FEATURE ON THE AUTOBAHN NEAR AACHEN: A MULTI-SPRAY FOUNTAIN IN A LARGE POND FORMING THE CENTRE OF A NEW ROUNDABOUT. THE FOUNTAINS ARE ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT.



U.S.S.R. AFTER ARRIVING IN MOSCOW BY AIR ON APRIL 29: PRESIDENT NASSER BETWEEN PRESIDENT VOROSHILOV (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV ON THE DRIVE FROM THE AIRPORT. Colonel Nasser, President of the United Arab Republic, flew to Moscow on board a Soviet jet airliner, and was welcomed at the airport by the Soviet President, Mr. Voroshilov, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Khrushchev. Colonel Nasser is paying an eighteen-day State visit to the Soviet Union, and was staying at the Kremlin during his time in Moscow.

(Right.) **WESTERN GERMANY.**

BORNE BY MEMBERS OF THE WEST GERMAN BORDER PATROL: THE COFFIN OF PRINCE WILLIAM V OF ORANGE, WHO DIED IN 1806, BEING CARRIED OUT OF BRUNSWICK CATHEDRAL ON APRIL 28. The remains of Prince William V of Orange left Brunswick on April 28 for Delft, where they were to be reinterred in the new church at a ceremony attended by Queen Juliana. Before the coffin was removed from Brunswick Cathedral, a service was held over it by the Bishop of Brunswick, Dr. Martin Erdmann. Prince William was born in 1748, and became Governor of the Netherlands in 1768. In 1795 he fled to England and later to Brunswick, where he died in 1806. His son William became the first King of the Netherlands, as William I, in 1815.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE NETHERLANDS. IN CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS' BIRTHDAY ON APRIL 30: DUTCH SCHOOLCHILDREN MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL PALACE IN AMSTERDAM AS QUEEN JULIANA—STANDING ON THE STEPS WITH MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY—ACKNOWLEDGES THEIR WAVES.



NEW ZEALAND. AT THE DISPLAY MARKING THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND AIR FORCE, WHICH WAS ON APRIL 1: CROWDS INSPECTING AN EXHIBITION AT THE R.N.Z.A.F. STATION, OHAKEA.



UNITED STATES. OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON: WORK IN PROGRESS ON AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL.

Work is well in hand on the construction of a new underground passageway in Washington. This will connect the Senate Office Buildings with the Capitol, and will thus enable Senators to avoid the dangers of Washington's busy traffic. This photograph shows workmen manning a large pile-driver for sinking supports.



MALTA. DURING THE DISTURBANCES IN VALLETTA: POLICE CHARGING TOWARDS A CROWD OF STRIKERS.

April 28 was a day of violence in Malta. A twenty-four-hour strike had been called by the General Workers Union in support of Mr. Mintoff. In Valletta there were numerous clashes between strikers and police, and at least twenty people were arrested. On April 30 the Governor proclaimed a state of emergency.



CYPRUS. AFTER BEING SET ON FIRE ON APRIL 28: DAMAGED BUILDINGS OF THE GOVERNMENT AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AT MORPHOU UNDER GUARD.

At a time of renewed tension in Cyprus the first act of violence was the firing of the Government-owned rural central school at Morphou, 25 miles west of Nicosia, where considerable damage was done.



WEST GERMANY. DURING A VISIT BY GERMAN OFFICIALS AND PRESS REPRESENTATIVES: ONE OF THE U.S. ARMY NIKE-AJAX BATTERIES STATIONED IN WEST GERMANY.

There are now several units of Nike-Ajax guided anti-aircraft missiles stationed with the U.S. Army in Western Germany. On April 28 members of the German Bundestag Defence Committee, German officers and German Press representatives visited one of these units near Landau.



EAST GERMANY. DURING HIS UNEXPECTED VISIT TO EAST BERLIN ON APRIL 29: MR. MIKOYAN, THE SOVIET DEPUTY PREMIER (CENTRE), WITH EAST GERMAN LEADERS. At the end of his four-day visit to West Germany, Mr. Mikoyan unexpectedly spent twenty hours in East Berlin. He is seen here at lunch with the East German Premier, Herr Grotewohl (right), and the First Deputy Prime Minister, Herr Ulbricht.

LADY DIANA COOPER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES." By DIANA COOPER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

DUFF COOPER late in life took a peerage and became Lord Norwich. Few people, however, think of his widow as Lady Norwich (most remember her as Lady Diana Cooper; and her own generation as Lady Diana Manners), and it is sensible of her to publish her first volume of reminiscences under the more familiar name by which she prefers to be known.

Those (and they could not include anybody who ever knew her) who may jump to the conclusion that so celebrated and much-photographed a beauty can only be expected to produce the stock sort of social chatter in undistinguished prose, will find themselves agreeably disillusioned by her very first paragraph, which shows an ease of style, a sensitivity and a vividness of recollection, the promise of which is amply fulfilled by the rest of the book. Thus it runs: "The celestial light shone most brightly at Cockayne Hatley, a house in Bedfordshire, that must always be remembered as the place where the clouds cast no shadows but were always fleecy white, where grass was greener and taller, strawberries bigger and more plentiful, and above all where garden and woods, the house and the family, the servants and villagers, would never change. It was a rather ugly house, verandahed and ivied, which my father had taken, not as I thought for eternity but for perhaps ten years, to house his family of two sons and three daughters. We had grown too big for our London house, 23a Bruton Street, where I was born. (It still stands, unrecognisable with its discreet front door replaced by blatant shop-windows. Not long ago, walking home after dinner in Hill Street, I followed a fire-engine for the first time in my life. It led me to the house of my birth burning brightly, and in the crowd I came shoulder to shoulder with my brother.)" That sets the pace, and indicates the variety.

The narrative falls into three sections. The first deals with her childhood and early girlhood and family background, both personal and topographical; the second with the 1914 War; while the third is a brief epilogue, beginning with her marriage in June 1919.

The first part will seem to Lady Diana's juniors—depicting as it does the Victorian sunset—to portray a society and a way of life which must seem to them as remote as the life of ancient Athens. Income-tax amounted to a few pence in the pound; death duties, a new thing, were not crushing; in every county in England territorial magnates from Dukes downwards held sway, had retainers, dispensed bounty, and entertained like little local kings, in ancestral houses containing ancestral libraries and treasures, now being rapidly dispersed at auction to defray taxes, or collected by the Treasury in lieu of death duties, or taken in charge by the National Trust, under whose tutelage (better though that is than demolition) any old home is liable to be regarded as a public museum. The oldest link with the past whom Lady Diana intensely remembers is her grandfather, who, long before he succeeded to the Dukedom and Belvoir Castle, seated majestically on its woody eminence, was the Lord John Manners, who was Disraeli's henchman in the Young England movement, and is romantically portrayed in "Coningsby" as Henry Sydney, with Belvoir thinly disguised as Beaumanoir.

There is a picture of him here, a thoughtful-looking man with melancholy retrospective eyes, looking as though he were still regretting the Industrial Revolution—which indeed he did regret. He made a powerful impression on his little granddaughter: "Lord John (now the Duke) was a beautiful bent old man. I can see him very clearly,

walking down the endless corridors of Belvoir, wrapped warmly in a thick black cape buttoned down the front, for these passages in winter were arctic—no stoves, no hot pipes, no heating at all. He would unbutton his cape at the drawing-room door and hang it on a long brass bar with many others. He joined his large family at lunch, but I do not remember his talking very often. I would sit on his bony knees when the meal was over, and be allowed to blow open his gold hunter watch, and ask for a comical poem that he and I both liked to hear recited in a sing-song tone that has stayed with me until now. A strange choice for a child of six, it was about a cuckolded Round-head whose wife was hiding an escaped Cavalier." There were drawbacks about these vast old country houses. But swarms of servants were kept; anyone lying late in bed was liable to be interrupted by the coal-man, the lamp-man, and the water-man; hosts of guests could be entertained

with their ladies—maids and valets; and the public were not precluded from viewing the family treasures. If anybody thinks that the public, before the Welfare State began, were shut out from the great houses of England, and that these were only opened when the owners discovered that they could charge for admission, they need only be referred to Lady Diana's recollection of her chivalrous old grandfather's attitude:



"BEHOLD THE CHILD": A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF LADY DIANA WHICH FORMS THE FRONTISPIECE TO HER BOOK.

"When we reached home, a large crowd of tourists would have collected on each side of the last hundred yards of the approach, and my grandfather would uncover his head and bow very slightly with a look of pleasure and welcome on his delicate old face. He loved his tourists. They represented to him England and liberty and the feudal system, and were a link between the nobility and the people. The house was open to them three times a week and on all bank holidays. They would arrive in four-in-hand charabancs from all over the country. Bedrooms and one drawing-room, one study and a dining-room were excluded from their tour. Otherwise, from morning to dark, armies of sightseers tramped through that welcoming house. No efforts were made to improve it for them. There were no signed photographs of royalty or of the family, no special flowers or Coronation robes draped casually over a chair, coronet to hand, no tables laid or crumpled newspapers. Nor could they have any idea of how we really lived. In the summer my mother arranged for us children to picnic out and not to return until the hordes had departed, for in truth the atmosphere—the smell—was asphyxiating. Not that one could get away with one's picnic—they all brought picnics too and were encouraged to eat and sleep and take their boots off and comb their hair in the garden, on the terraces, all about and everywhere. They paid no admittance and two or three elderly ladies in black dresses—Lena the head housemaid, the controller

of a regiment of maids and the terror of our chapel choir (she sang loud and false to poor Miss Thursby's pedal-sore harmonium), and Mrs. Smith the housekeeper, sparkling with jet arabesques, or a pensioned retainer—would shepherd them round." But I suppose that I am becoming nostalgic, as has always been the custom of people as they have grown older.

About her second period I do not feel nostalgic, simply because I should not like to live that period over again. Lady Diana knew most of the most brilliant young men of her time, the slaughter of Englishmen in that war was three times as large as it was in our later butchery, and almost everybody she cared about was killed—which was true of the rest of us. She doesn't say whether she knew Rupert Brooke personally—but she quotes a letter from Patrick Shaw-Stewart, himself shortly to be killed, from the Levant: "Rupert Brooke died two days ago, which has cast a considerable gloom, not the least part over me who had succumbed to the usual magic. He was not leading a charge (we haven't led any yet) but got the pneumococcus in his lip which killed him in two days. We buried him the same night in an olive

grove on a noted Greek island of incredible beauty and appositeness. I commanded the firing party, in so much terror for the correctness of my ceremonial drill that I was inaccessible to sorrow or grandeur. It's very like Byron, really." This shows what a legend Rupert had already become when he was twenty-eight, and was still unfulfilled as a poet. Twenty years after his death I was on a cruise in the Cyclades, when we passed the island on which that beautiful and serene youth was buried. With us was a retired Admiral who had been in charge of the ceremonial. He made a little speech which ended with the phrase: "And the bugles sounded from the hill, and they were heard in all the ships." The phrase sounded Homeric to me, as was right in those surroundings.

Of all Lady Diana's friends who survived that holocaust, Duff Cooper was in her eyes the chief. Wooing her, he described himself as "a little com-

moner, a little little commoner, an obscure commoner"—with a reference to "Richard the Second" which he knew that she, an omnivorous reader, named by her pre-Raphaelite mother after George Meredith's heroine, would recognise. This is the most poignant part of the book, but love-letters, even amusing ones, are more seemly within the covers of a book than in the pages of a periodical, so I shall not quote them.

The illustrations are numerous and beautiful. Every reader must look forward to Lady Diana's second volume, in which she will no longer be either a Bright Young Thing, or a hard-worked nurse at Guy's, but the wife of a very clever man who climbed out of comparative obscurity to the War Office and the Admiralty, resigned with a brilliant speech over Munich, became British Ambassador to France, and died, in 1954.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by F. E. O'Brien, on page 792 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: LADY DIANA COOPER.

Lady Diana Cooper (Diana, Viscountess Norwich) is the third daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland. In 1919 she married Alfred Duff Cooper, later the first Viscount Norwich, who died in 1954. During World War I Lady Diana was a nurse at Guy's Hospital. She has been renowned for her beauty from her earliest years. For twelve years, on and off, in England, the United States and on the Continent she took the leading part in Max Reinhardt's play "The Miracle."



"MYSELF AS RUSSIA FOR CHARITY."

Illustrations reproduced from "The Rainbow Comes and Goes"; by courtesy of the publisher, Rupert Hart-Davis.

* "The Rainbow Comes and Goes." By Diana Cooper. Illustrated. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 25s.)

PERISCOPIC SIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY TO THE ARCHÆOLOGIST'S AID.



FIG. 1. HERE ELECTRICAL RESISTIVITY TESTS—THE PEGS MARK THE "STATIONS"—HAVE REVEALED A FOUNDATION AT VULCI AND EXCAVATION HAS UNCOVERED A WALL.

The following note and the photographs which illustrate it come from Ing. Carlo M. Lerici, of the Ing. Carlo M. Lerici Foundation of the Milan Polytechnic, which has had so much to do in developing the revolutionary techniques, some of them previously reported in "The Illustrated London News," which have so enormously simplified the task of the archæologists in their work among the Etruscan tombs.

ARCHÆOLOGY is indebted to the Superintendency of the Antiquities of Southern Etruria, headed by Professor Renato Bartoccini, for the opportunity given to the Lerici Foundation of the Engineering School of Milan to display certain new techniques. At first these new methods which the Foundation introduced were watched with some suspicion by many archæologists, who are, in general, a deeply conservative body; and the intrusion of a stranger in their traditional field is not always sympathetically received. As many readers may recall, Mr. J. P. Bradford has already described in these pages ("The Illustrated London News" of June 16, 1956, and March 30, 1957) the operations of the Lerici Foundation in the well-known Etruscan sites of Cerveteri and Tarquinia. The use of electrical resistivity, of mechanical and optical devices such as high-speed drilling equipment

[Continued below, centre.]

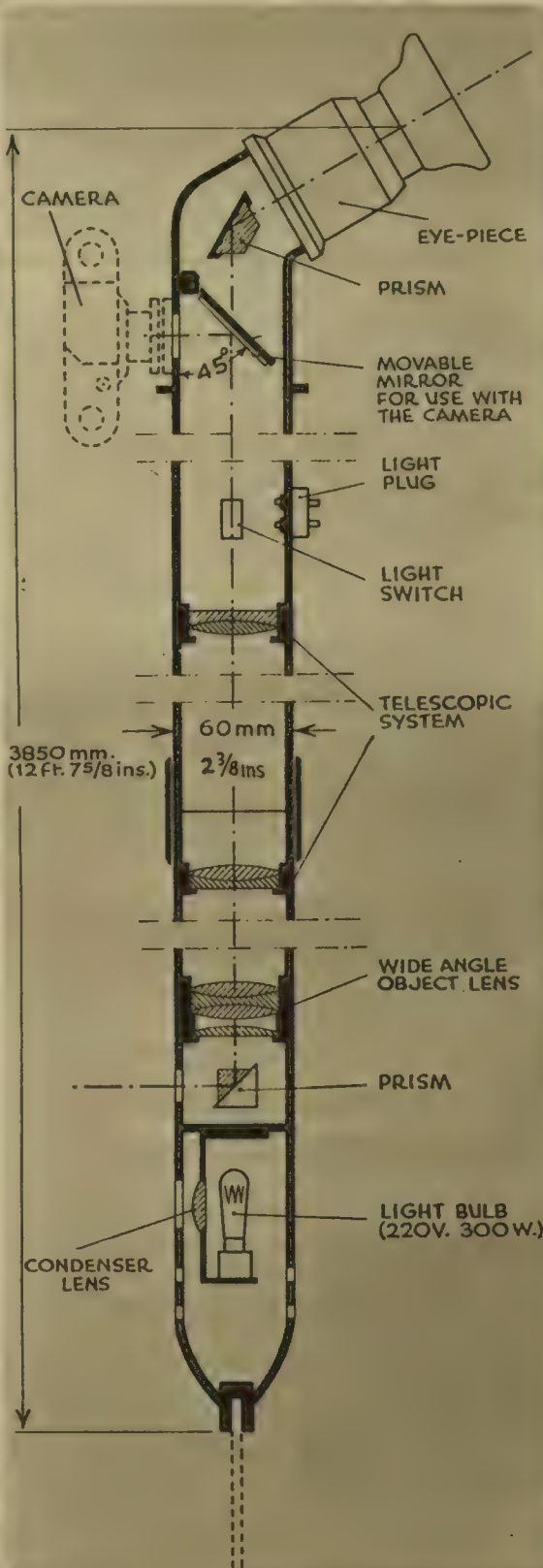


FIG. 2. THE LATEST TOOL FOR THE ARCHÆOLOGIST, THE NISTRI PERISCOPE. THIS IS A DEVELOPMENT OF "PERISCOPE PHOTOGRAPHY" AND ENABLES THE OPERATOR TO SEE INSIDE A TOMB AND DECIDE WHETHER TO EXPEND FILM ON PHOTOGRAPHING THE INTERIOR. THE MIRROR ONLY COMES INTO ACTION WHEN THE CAMERA IS USED.

[Continued.]

and the photographic recorder for use in underground tombs have made it possible to discover in a single campaign of 120 working days several hundred tombs (450 in the Monte Abbatone cemetery) illustrated with more than 3000 photographic exposures (Fig. 10), giving a clear picture of each formation. Despite the fact that the great majority of the tombs were found to have been entered by robbers at all periods of their history—only 2 per cent. of the tombs examined were untouched—it was, however, clear that a fairly large percentage still contained material worth recovering. The photographs of the interiors showed the exact position of the entrance and so simplified excavation. The Monte Abbatone campaign is covered by a report of the Lerici Foundation which records results which are quite extraordinary and, indeed, unprecedented—not only from the archæological point of view, but also as regards technical, operating and economic efficiency. The following figures, drawn from this report, clearly prove this point.

Working days (February to September), 120; Electrical resistivity profiles over 3½ miles, number of stations (i.e., wooden stakes), 2000; Number of

[Continued above, right.]



FIG. 3. ELECTRICAL RESISTIVITY TESTS IN ACTION AT MONTE ABBATONE, WHERE DIAGRAMMATIC PROFILES WERE MADE TOTALLING 3½ MILES WITH ABOUT 2000 "STATIONS."

[Continued.]

electrical drillings (6 to 12 ft. deep), 1200; Tombs recorded, 450; Tombs photographed, 280; Photographic exposures, 3500; Tombs excavated, 340; Objects found (mostly pottery, some jewellery), c.3000. Total cost, prospecting, photographs and excavation, 10,000,000 lire or about £6000.

The prospecting team consists of one operator and two assistants; and the equipment includes: one potentiometric apparatus for resistivity measurements (Fig. 3), soil test equipment (Fig. 5), electrical drilling equipment, photographic equipment, a 3-5 Kw. generator, topographic equipment and a station wagon. At the end of 1957 a new device was added to the equipment, a periscope specially designed for underground exploration. This instrument (Figs. 2 and 4) has proved very valuable as it allows one to look into a tomb without photographing it, and so saves the unnecessary expense of using the photo-recorder. Also, as the illustration (Fig. 2) shows, the periscope can be used as well for taking photographs when required and by allowing one to use a camera on the upper part of the gear makes it possible to take larger photographs than are obtainable with the micro-camera of the other device. At the end of 1957 the Lerici Foundation team examined the Vulci area (Fig. 1), and a series of resistivity measurements enabled us to locate

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. INSERTING THE NISTRI PERISCOPE INTO A NEWLY-DISCOVERED TOMB IN THE MONTE ABBATONE ETRUSCAN NECROPOLIS, WHERE 450 TOMBS WERE RECORDED IN A CAMPAIGN OF 120 WORKING DAYS.



FIG. 5. SOIL TESTING WHERE RESISTIVITY TESTS HAVE SHOWN ANOMALIES. THIS OIL-MOTOR-DRIVEN DRILL COLLECTS A SOIL SAMPLE FROM DEPTHS OF UP TO 12 FT.

TECHNOLOGY'S TRIUMPH: THE FIRST ETRUSCAN PAINTED TOMB SINCE 1892.



FIG. 6. A PERISCOPE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE FIVE-ROOMED TOMB AT VULCI, WHERE ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTIONS WERE FOUND OF MORE THAN 300 CHARACTERS.

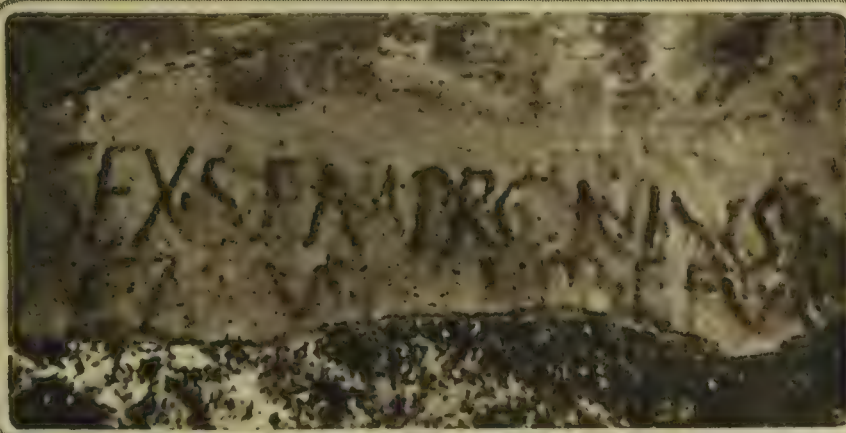


FIG. 7. A LATIN INSCRIPTION IN THE SAME TOMB AS FIG. 6. THIS SEEMS TO BE THE LATEST INSCRIPTION (SECOND CENTURY B.C.), WHEN VULCI WAS UNDER ROMAN DOMINATION.



FIG. 8. SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES: THE FIRST PAINTED ETRUSCAN TOMB TO BE FOUND SINCE 1892—THE OLYMPIC GAMES TOMB, SHOWING ATHLETES AND DANCERS, AS FIRST RECORDED BY THE PERISCOPE CAMERA.



FIG. 9. THE UNDERGROUND CAMERA'S VIEW OF THE RELIEF ON THE SARCOPHAGUS FOUND IN THE FIVE-ROOM TOMB RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE VULCI NECROPOLIS. THE WINGED FIGURES OF THE BEARDED CHARUN AND FEMALE VANTH CONTEMPLATE A MASSACRE OF MAIDENS.



FIG. 10. SEEN THUS BY THE PERISCOPE CAMERA'S EYE—AND NEVER AGAIN: 5TH CENTURY B.C. ETRUSCAN POTTERY, IN A MONTE ABBATONE TOMB. THE BLACK POTS ON THE LEFT DISINTEGRATED SHORTLY AFTER THE TOMB WAS OPENED.

Continued. several foundations on the town site and also on the acropolis. During this campaign a five-room tomb was found with many large fragments of a remarkable sarcophagus (Fig. 9). But what makes this discovery so important is the fact that on the walls many Etruscan (Fig. 6) inscriptions and some in Latin (Fig. 7) have been found, the majority engraved but a few painted. The inscriptions include more than 300 letters, and although the Latin inscriptions give no help in the interpretation of the Etruscan ones, nevertheless, in no other Etruscan tomb has such a rich collection of inscriptions ever been found. During this year the team started a systematic investigation of the immense Tarquinia necropolis (see "I.L.N." of June 16, 1956) in the hope of finding a new painted tomb. A hard task indeed, if we recall that since 1892, when the Bull tomb was found, not a single tomb with painted walls has come to light.

This intensive scrutiny along different traverses in the necropolis lasted more than two months without result. During this period more than seventy-five formations were identified with resistivity measurements, and all were found to be filled with earth or completely destroyed, and not a trace of painting anywhere. It should be mentioned that the work was more difficult than at Monte Abbatone, since the buried formations at Tarquinia are much deeper and, as a result, their drilling needs almost double the time required at Monte Abbatone. On March 27, the photographic recorder finally gave evidence of the presence of paintings. It was a moment charged with emotion. The long-planned objective was at last in sight—we had found it (Fig. 8)! The operator could feel the unique satisfaction of being the first to look on paintings buried for twenty-five centuries.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN HER OWN UNIVERSITY; AND SOME OTHER RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS.



(Left.)
AT QUEEN ELIZABETH COLLEGE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM MISS M. J. ROWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE UNION.

(Right.)
ON HER ARRIVAL AT QUEEN ELIZABETH COLLEGE: THE QUEEN MOTHER BEING GREETED BY THE MAYOR OF KENSINGTON, COUNCILLOR F. ST. G. FISHER.

On April 30 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Chancellor of the University of London, was present at an evening reception held at Queen Elizabeth College, Camden Hill Road, Kensington, on the occasion of the College's golden jubilee celebrations.



AFTER OPENING THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE INSTITUTES OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND CLASSICAL STUDIES AT LONDON UNIVERSITY: THE QUEEN MOTHER STUDYING SOME EXHIBITS IN THE BONE ROOM.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened London University's new building for the Institutes of Archæology and Classical Studies in Gordon Square, London, W.C., on April 29. The Queen Mother spent over two hours touring the six floors of the new building; she also unveiled a commemorative plaque.



AT LONDON UNIVERSITY'S NEW BUILDING IN GORDON SQUARE: THE QUEEN MOTHER WATCHING A BURMESE STUDENT WHO WAS BUSY REPAIRING A HELLENISTIC MEASURING POT.



AT THE W.R.A.C. DEPOT AT GUILDFORD: THE PRINCESS ROYAL ADMIRING AN ICED CAKE WHICH WAS MADE FOR HER BY QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR LUCIE VERRALL.
On April 27 the Princess Royal, Controller Commandant, Women's Royal Army Corps, paid a visit to the W.R.A.C. Depot and training centre at Guildford. The Princess Royal was presented with a 12-lb. cake which was made for her by Quarter-Master Sergeant Instructor Lucie Verrall.



MEETING COCKY: A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE MAKING FRIENDS WITH MR. DAVID ATTENBOROUGH'S COCKATOO AT LIME GROVE.
On April 28 the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne visited the B.B.C. television studios at Lime Grove, where they watched the Children's Magazine programme "Studio E." The Royal children inspected the TV cameras and met Mr. David Attenborough's cockatoo as well as the programme's mascot—a six-month-old monkey.



SALADIN AND THE DUKE : H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN A SALADIN ARMoured CAR WHICH HE DROVE AT 40 M.P.H. DURING HIS VISIT TO THE FIGHTING VEHICLES RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT NEAR SUNNINGDALE.

The Duke of Edinburgh drove a *Saladin*, the Army's latest 11-ton armoured car, at 40 m.p.h. round the test track when he visited the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment, near Sunningdale, Berks, on April 28. He made two circuits of the two-mile track, finally passing over a bumpy course designed to test suspension. The *Saladin* is currently going into production. After being received by the Director of the

Establishment, Mr. A. E. Masters, the Duke of Edinburgh inspected the fighting compartment of the British 65-ton *Conqueror* tank—one of the world's leading fighting vehicles. The Duke was also shown the *Ferret*, the latest armoured reconnaissance car, visited parts of the Establishment where secret projects are being developed, and saw a *Centurion* tank climbing a steep slope. The *Conqueror's* equipment for crossing water was also shown.



IN PECKWATER QUADRANGLE, CHRIST CHURCH: THE LIBRARY, ONE OF OXFORD'S DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS WHICH WERE RECENTLY STILL NEEDING £500,000 FOR RESTORATION.

One of the most noticeable examples of the University and College buildings in Oxford which are suffering from decaying exterior stonework is Christ Church Library, Christ Church being one of the Colleges whose financial needs for restoration are greatest. The Library's sad, decrepit appearance is accentuated by the clean, new lines of another Christ Church building, seen

on the left of the drawing, which was refaced with Clipsham stone before the war. (Clipsham Stone was used for the Examination Schools, where it has proved to have very good lasting powers.) The Library, like many other historic Oxford buildings, is in Headington stone, much of which has proved to be disastrously susceptible to atmospheric corrosion. The Oxford Historic

Buildings Appeal, which was launched last June to raise funds for the restoration of the widespread dilapidations in Oxford, had, at the time of writing, brought in a total of over £1,200,000 in donations and under covenant. The target for the Appeal is £1,750,000. A most valuable contribution to the Appeal fund has been that of the Ford Foundation, which made a grant of

1,000,000 dollars—about £357,000. Other notable contributions have been made by the Pilgrim Trust (£150,000), the Rhodes Trustees (£50,000) and the Dulverton Trust (£20,000); by many British commercial groups, and by the Mayor of Oxford's appeal. £365,000 is the total which has been subscribed by Oxford graduates, the graduate subscribers numbering 11,100.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flinders.

FROM ART TO AIRCRAFT: SOME OF THE VARIED ASPECTS OF BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT AND ACTIVITY.



A HUNDRED AND THIRTY ARTISTS SHOW THEIR PICTURES ON THE "EMBANKMENT LINE": A VIEW OF LONDON'S OPEN-AIR ACADEMY IN THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

The London County Council's annual open-air art show opened in the Victoria Embankment gardens, near Charing Cross, on April 28. The works are, as usual, diverse in subject and treatment and range in price from a few shillings to a hundred pounds. The show closes on May 10.



BRITAIN'S PROGRESS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF GUIDED MISSILES: AN INTER-MEDIATE-RANGE BALLISTIC MISSILE IN A TEST TOWER AT HATFIELD.

Four major companies are co-operating in the development and production of Britain's first intermediate-range ballistic missile, which, with the *Avro* stand-off bomb, will carry a thermo-nuclear warhead with extreme accuracy over a range of several thousand miles to a surface target. This ground-launched weapon will be part of our future offensive armament. De Havilland Propellers Ltd. are the prime contractors. This photograph, which gives some idea of the progress achieved, shows one of the missiles, 10 ft. in diameter and 70 ft. long, standing in a test tower of the De Havilland Aircraft Company. Another site, to be managed by Rolls-Royce Ltd., is being built at Spadeadam Waste, Cumberland.



A NEW BRITISH AIRCRAFT FLIES FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE BLACKBURN NA.39 NAVAL STRIKE AIRCRAFT DURING ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT.

The Blackburn NA.39, described as the world's first specially designed, low-level, high-speed strike aircraft and powered by de Havilland *Gyron Junior* turbojets, successfully made its maiden flight from the Royal Aircraft Establishment's airfield at Bedford on April 30. The NA.39 can carry nuclear or conventional weapons.



BRITAIN'S LATEST JET AIRLINER: THE DE HAVILLAND COMET 4 DURING ITS SUCCESSFUL FIRST FLIGHT FROM HATFIELD RECENTLY.

The new *Comet 4*, G-APDA, powered by Rolls-Royce *Avon* engines, made a successful first flight from Hatfield on April 27. The first of nineteen *Comet 4s* are to be delivered to B.O.A.C. later this year. The *Comet* may compete with U.S. jet airliners on Atlantic routes.



NEARING COMPLETION, AFTER ONLY NINE MONTHS' WORK, ON WHAT WAS A BOMB SITE LAST AUGUST: AN OFFICE BLOCK IN EASTBOURNE TERRACE, NEAR PADDINGTON STATION.

The speedy progress in the building of a huge office block near Paddington Station, London, is a tribute to British workmen. Only last August it was a bomb site and to-day three blocks, one of six storeys, one of ten storeys and another of nineteen storeys, are nearing completion.



DESCRIBED AS "THE ULTIMATE IN TRAMP SHIPPING": THE HUNTSFIELD, BUILT ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH, WHICH WAS RECENTLY COMPLETED.

The *Huntsfield*, built for the Power Steamship Co. Ltd., was recently completed at Burntisland by The Burntisland Shipbuilding Co., and has entered service. An important feature of the new ship is the employment of alternating current for auxiliary purposes.

NEW YORK POST OFFICE AND OTHER ENGLISH ITEMS: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



(Left.)
WHERE NEW YORK IS ONLY 10 MILES FROM BOSTON, AND LONDON'S A MERE 126 MILES AWAY: THE POST-OFFICE AND GENERAL STORE OF THE SLEEPY LINCOLNSHIRE VILLAGE, WHOSE POPULATION DOES NOT APPROACH THE MILLION-PLUS CLASS.



(Right.)
ANOTHER OF KARL MARX'S LANDMARKS GOING: 41, MAITLAND PARK ROAD (IN ST. PANCRAS), WHERE THE FATHER OF COMMUNISM LIVED FROM 1875 UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1883—SHORTLY TO BE DEMOLISHED TO MAKE WAY FOR L.C.C. NEW BUILDING DEVELOPMENT.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE WAY THE PECULIAR PROPERTIES OF PRE-STRESSED CONCRETE ARE SETTING A NEW "SIGNATURE" ON THE UTILITARIAN BUILDINGS OF TO-DAY: A VIEW OF THE STAND BEING BUILT TO REPLACE THAT BURNT DOWN AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW LAST YEAR.



WHERE THE NEED TO FINISH THE FOOTBALL SEASON HAS GIVEN THE BULLDOZERS A TEMPORARY PAUSE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NEW MOTORWAY NEAR LUTON. The London-Birmingham section of the eventual London-Yorkshire motorway is due for completion in just over eighteen months and already some 2500 men and over 1000 machines are deployed on the task. In this section this field was given a brief respite, so as not to interfere with the season's programme—of football.



ENGLAND'S FIRST PUBLIC SALE OF SECOND-HAND AIRCRAFT: SOME THIRTY PRIVATE AIRCRAFT OFFERED FOR SALE IN AN OPEN-AIR MARKET AT KIDLINGTON AERODROME. A week-end market of second-hand aircraft opened at Kidlington, near Oxford, on April 26, when over thirty aircraft, valued at nearly £76,000, were offered for sale. Three were sold during the week-end, a £350 Proctor and two others priced at more than £1000. At least three other sales were in negotiation. The sale was organised by a London firm of aircraft agents.



THE COLONEL AT THE CONTROLS: COLONEL K. M. W. LEATHER, COMMANDER OF THE NEW LIGHT INFANTRY BRIGADE, DRIVING A LOCOMOTIVE WHICH HE HAD JUST NAMED "THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY"—AT DURHAM ON APRIL 29. THIS FAMOUS REGIMENT CELEBRATES ITS BICENTENARY THIS YEAR.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE tiresome ISM words—Impressionism, Neo-Impressionism, Cubism, and a dozen others—by which the various phases of modern painting have been described, have generally seemed to me distracting rather than illuminating, only half-descriptive, sometimes ill-chosen, and occasionally, when harnessed to a torrent of eloquence, incomprehensible. Moreover, they tend to lead the innocent, that is, you and me, to become pedants, classifying this and that in neat doctrinal pigeon-holes and encouraging us to form a judgment based upon the theory behind the painting, rather than upon the virtues or vices inherent in it—the painter's success or failure to express his vision of the world. Paul Signac (1863-1935), lover and owner of small boats, friend and disciple of Georges Seurat, was much given to theorising in print. It is to him we owe the most lucid exposition of the technique of Divisionism, later to be more familiarly known as Pointillism, by which a painting is laboriously built up by an infinite series of dots of pure colour. But what has been made clear by the current exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery is not the ingenuity of the theorist—which we can take as read—but the mingled sobriety and brilliance of the painter. What is exciting is that we see not just the final painting, but the numerous drawings and sketches which went to its making, some mere notes, others more elaborate studies, so that the title of the show, "The Creation of the Work" (it sounds a trifle mannered in English), is fully justified.



"TARTANS IN HARBOUR, c. 1905": A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF SIGNAC'S STRIKING WATER-COLOURS WHICH HE DREW ON THE SPOT, OFTEN AS "DOCUMENTS" FOR HIS PAINTINGS. (Water-colour: 7½ by 9½ ins.)

It has often been noted that the Seurat method of painting produced one or two masterpieces—one of them indubitably the monumental "Bathing Place" in the Tate Gallery—a few adherents—Signac, Luce and Cross—but led nowhere, because it was essentially too mechanical and required too patient a temperament for its continuous operation to be possible. In looking at the drawings and paintings, brought together with the aid of the artist's daughter, it is easy enough to see how so meticulous a technique could become dull in any but the most gifted hands; indeed, in one of them, I thought even Signac had failed completely, painting not light, as was presumably his intention, but a sort of sandy muddiness. I wonder whether anyone else found his spirits sink as he looked at the seascape "St. Cast"? That seemed to me to show that the method was never really suited to grey mists and cloudy skies. What is so magnificently demonstrated by Signac, first by means of little dots of colour and then not by dots but little rectangular patches, is his power of making bright light vibrate while at the same time giving to his

compositions the solidity and classic simplicity of, say, a painting by Poussin.

Certain well-chosen extracts from his Diary printed in the catalogue bring this inspired amateur yachtsman vividly before our eyes in his life-long search for the utmost purity of colour. In 1898 he was in London and made a great discovery. This is what he wrote: "Serious visit to the Turners. Since 1830, he liberates himself from every sombre tint. . . . Then, twelve years later, he sacrifices everything to colour. What he loses in weight he gains in pure and harmonious brilliance. The conclusion is that we are bound by reality and must liberate ourselves to achieve power." A month later he goes further: "The works of Turner prove to me that one must be free from imitation and copying, and that one must create colours. To submit oneself to copy nature is to deprive oneself of 99 per cent. of the subjects and harmonies that the free painter can deal with. How narrow

is what one can copy, how unlimited what one can create. . . ." Acute criticism, is it not, of Turner's last years? French painters are frequently accused of insularity in not recognising the achievements of other countries; here is one, who was by no means the least among them, expressing generous appreciation.

The finished paintings—eighteen of them—stand out monumentally among nearly 200 drawings and water-colours, some of the latter merely hasty notes of a scene—boats or mountains, for example—at a particular time of day, much as Constable wandered on Hampstead Heath

noting cloud formations; some of these water-colours, delicate evocations of "created colour"—that is, of colours as seen by the painter's eye—will satisfy most people, slight though they are, without reference to the more considered works to which they are related. The little oil sketches, so carefully built up, as in those for "Sunday in Paris," where a woman stands at a window against the light while a man sits reading a paper by the fire—a study in boredom—already possess the solidity and richness of the final composition—the blues and purples, the flecks of white and green. Yet imposing, dignified and subtle though these interiors are, it is as a sun-worshiper surely that Signac will be best remembered as he travelled from Dieppe to Marseilles and explored the Mediterranean to Venice and Istanbul. By 1907 he was in Istanbul and now owned his eighth boat.

PAUL SIGNAC.

During the 1920's he painted water-colours in 200 French ports and, we learn, translated for his own instruction Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." In 1934 he bought his last boat, a small drifter, and, during all these years, was delighted to be mistaken for one of the local fishermen by visitors to St. Tropez.



SKETCH FOR "PARIS SUNDAY, 1888": ONE OF THE OIL PAINTINGS IN THE INTERESTING PAUL SIGNAC EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET, ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES HERE. (Oil on canvas: 8½ by 6½ ins.)

specially original in this advice except the use of the word "documents," which, to me at any rate, has literary associations; it brings to mind the labours of a novelist or a dramatist working up his story from many notes and preliminary drafts. But whereas few of us are particularly interested in the first tentative sketch of a work of literature, a "document" in the sense in which Signac uses the word, though apparently to him not much more than an *aide memoire*—and there are hundreds of them in his studio at St. Tropez in the cases in which he



"THE GREEN SAIL, VENICE, 1904": A PAINTING IN WHICH SIGNAC HAS EFFECTIVELY USED THE POINTILLISTIC TECHNIQUE TO RENDER THE BRILLIANT LIGHT OF VENICE. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 31½ ins.)

himself arranged them—has an immediate appeal to our eyes just as a musical phrase to our ears. Signac may have thought little of them in his pursuit of perfection: most visitors to this most stimulating show will surely enjoy them as works of great accomplishment in their own right.

DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS: AN IMPORTANT "CALVARY" AND LANDSCAPE AND STILL-LIFE PAINTINGS AT THE SLATTER GALLERY.



"AT SUNSET," BY GILLIS D'HONDECOETER (c. 1775-1836):
IN THE 1958 EXHIBITION OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH
MASTERS AT THE SLATTER GALLERY.
(Oil on panel: 12 by 22 ins.)

THIS year Mr. Eugene Slatter is selling the catalogues of his annual exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The exhibition, which continues at 30, Old Bond Street, until July 12, contains twenty-seven paintings. In addition to the two shown here there are several other fine still-life paintings—two by Pieter Claesz, and examples by Joris van Son, Jan van de Velde and Balthasar van Ast. Among the landscapes are two large panels by Joos de Momper the Younger, and small pairs by Jan Griffier the Elder and Mathys Schoevaerds. "Hay Harvest," by Martin van Valckenberg, is a landscape of great delicacy, while "The Avenue," by Gillis van Coninxloo the Elder gains its effect by being more forceful. In addition to the magnificent "Calvary" shown here, the Brueghel family is represented by another example by Jan the Elder, and the gay "Return from the Kermess," by his brother Peter the Younger. "Antwerp Cathedral," by Peter Neeffs the Elder, with figures by Frans Francken, provides further interest in this attractive exhibition.



"STILL-LIFE ON A TERRACE": A COLOURFUL WORK BY GILLIS VAN
HULSDONCK (1623-c. 1669). (Oil on canvas: 11½ by 9½ ins.)



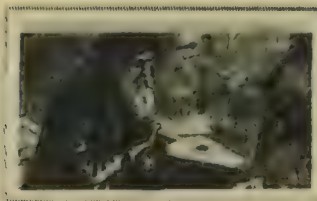
"CALVARY": AN IMPORTANT WORK BY JAN "VELVET" BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (1568-1625), WHICH HAS BEEN
PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, MELBOURNE. (Oil on copper: 13½ by 21½ ins.)



"DUTCH COLLATION," BY JAN MORTEL (1650-1719), WHO WAS A
FOLLOWER OF JAN DAVIDSZ DE HEEM.
(Oil on canvas: 19½ by 14½ ins.)



"VIEW OF A RIVER VALLEY": AN EARLY WORK BY JACOB FOUQUIER (c. 1590-1659). A PUPIL OF JOOS DE MOMPER
AND "VELVET" BRUEGHEL, FOUQUIER BECAME PAINTER TO THE FRENCH COURT.
(Oil on panel: 13 by 17 ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ANTING: A DISPLACEMENT ACTIVITY?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHILE still pursuing the tantalising but fascinating problem of bird-anting, I have found myself invited to speak to a variety of audiences on the subject. In the discussions which have followed there has been one question asked more often than any other: whether I would regard anting as a displacement activity. This is where Reggie comes in, but before introducing this unusual rook, I would like to say how much I appreciate the help given by all who have written to me about their personal observations. One of these correspondents was Mrs. C. Pearce, of Itchingfield, Sussex, and one, quite accidental, result of her letter is that some light can be shed on whether or no anting is a displacement activity.

Mrs. Pearce wrote to me weeks ago, and in the interval we have made several visits to Itchingfield. The story that follows is pieced together, partly from accounts given us and partly from personal observations. Reggie was picked up from the ground beneath a rookery by Mrs. Pearce's sons. It was a fledgling that, presumably, had fallen from the nest. The boys brought him home and there he was hand-fed, but at no time was he kept in captivity in the usual sense. When able to fly strongly he joined the rooks in the fields nearby, but has continued to come to his foster-parents' home each day for food, usually in the morning. The more remarkable feature was his fondness for snatching a lighted cigarette, spreading his wings and holding the cigarette first under one wing then under the other.

On our first few visits we called unannounced, and Reggie was not "at home," but that was solely because we happened to be passing through the district and called on the chance of seeing him. The last visit was made by arrangement and had regard to the habits of the rook, namely, that he usually visited the house between 8 and 9 a.m. We were warned, however, that he seemed to be taking part in the general nesting activities in the rookery and might be expected to be less drawn to visit the house. In any event, we arrived at 8 a.m. to find, once again, no rook, and Mrs. Pearce, quite needlessly, troubled lest we should begin to think her story to be untrue.

We waited and waited, Mrs. Pearce calling to every rook or group of rooks that flew overhead or came anywhere near the house, but all was in vain. Over an hour had passed, and we had at last made up our minds to depart and come back another day, when two things happened. Mr. Belton, who lives in the next house, was coming

up the lane. At the same time, three rooks were passing overhead. One of these detached itself from the group, flew down on to the telephone wires, and thence on to the arm held out by Mr. Belton, who proceeded to enter the Pearces' cottage, bearing Reggie triumphant, like a conquering hero being carried shoulder high by his devoted followers.

Once in the house Reggie found some food and was soon busy eating, and having satisfied his own appetite he started to fill his throat pouch, as we learned he had been doing daily since the courting season began, in order to go back and feed his mate. Here, then, was our dilemma. We had already had the novel experience of seeing a tame rook that, voluntarily, visited the abode of his benefactors. That should have been enough to satisfy us, and we ought to have been willing to let the rook depart on his lawful, and quite natural, mission. But we also wanted to see yet another rook, addicted to burning materials, actually in action; and my daughter wanted to get a photographic record of it.



ANXIOUS TO FLY OUT OF THE HOUSE TO FEED HIS MATE AWAITING HIM IN THE FIELDS: REGGIE, THE ROOK, PERCHING ON THE BACK OF A CHAIR, WITH HIS THROAT POUCH FILLED WITH FOOD.



DURING ONE OF THE SEVEN SEPARATE PERFORMANCES WATCHED BY DR. BURTON: REGGIE ANTING WITH A LIGHTED CIGARETTE WHICH HE IS HOLDING UNDER ONE WING.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

I lit a cigarette and held it towards Reggie. He looked at it and was clearly interested in it, but he did not attempt to take it, for the simple reason that he could not, his beak as well as his throat pouch being filled with food. He looked at the cigarette for a few seconds, after which he turned his head away, pointed his beak to the ground and let drop some of the accumulated food. This he proceeded to pick up, piece by piece, and eat in the normal way. It was as if he appreciated that it was impossible for him to fill his beak with

food for his mate and, at the same time, indulge his favourite pastime.

We waited patiently for the end of this stage in the proceedings before offering him another lighted cigarette. Once again, he showed mild interest in the cigarette but made no attempt to take it in his beak. On the contrary, he found some more food and again filled his throat pouch and beak. There could be little doubt that whatever fascination a cigarette may have held for him he had only one impulse now, it was to take food to his mate. Finally, after several repetitions of the sequence, of emptying the beak and eating the food, as if clearing the way for performing, he took the cigarette. Even so, he showed little enthusiasm for this pursuit and dropped one cigarette after another on to the floor without performing. In the end, Mrs. Pearce took one of the lighted cigarettes, saying: "Come now, Reggie, I wonder if you will perform if I put it under your wing for you," she did precisely this thing. The rook immediately spread his wings, in the typical anting manner, but did not place his head under the wing. On the contrary, he held it back as if about to rub the back of the head on the shoulders.

Having thus performed once, stimulated by the presence of the burning end of the cigarette near but not touching the plumage, he continued to give us six more separate performances. In each of these he himself took the cigarette and held it under a wing. The seventh time he was offered the cigarette, he took it in his beak and dropped it to the floor. The impulse to ant had died down, although he continued to peck at the smoke rising from a proffered cigarette. Finally, he once again filled his throat pouch and beak with food, and showed by every movement that his one aim was to fly away to his mate, which he eventually did.

A displacement activity is, typically, this, that when two impulses are in conflict, the animal does nothing appropriate to either impulse, but indulges in behaviour irrelevant to the situation. Thus, a nesting bird faced with a sudden danger will have the impulse to flee and the impulse to stay and guard the nest. When the two impulses are thus in conflict, it neither flees nor stays but indulges in actions wholly unsuited to the circumstances. It may go through the motions of preening (i.e., mock-preening), or it pecks at imaginary food (i.e., mock-feeding).

Admittedly, Reggie's behaviour cannot be analysed in a clear-cut fashion, but it had all the appearance of not including a displacement activity. He seemed to be behaving quite normally for that time of the year, namely, in having the overwhelming impulse to carry away food for his mate. He was clearly interested in using the cigarette for anting, as he had often done before, and he made some attempt to enjoy the best of both worlds by emptying his beak in preparation for taking the cigarette. Having done so, the urge not to lose the food prevailed and he ate that which he had emptied from his beak.

The impulse to feed still prevailed, however, so that he filled his pouch and beak several times before being induced even to take a lighted cigarette. It was not until he actually felt the stimulus afforded by the warm end of the cigarette near the feathers of the wing that complete anting ensued.

These events may not prove conclusively that anting is not a displacement activity, but they suggest strongly that it is not.

THE CUCKOO'S "SLEIGHT OF HAND": A UNIQUE CINE-FILM RECORD.



THE CUCKOO ARRIVES AT THE CHOSEN NEST, WHICH IS A PIPIT'S.



THE CUCKOO, HAVING MOVED FORWARD, HAS NO EGG IN HER BEAK.



THE BIRD NOW LOOKS INTO THE NEST.



SHE PICKS UP ONE OF THE MEADOW PIPIT'S EGGS.



SHE MOVES ON TO THE NEST WITH PIPIT'S EGG IN HER BEAK.



ON THE NEST : THE MOMENT OF LAYING HER EGG.



THE CUCKOO STARTS TO SPRING INTO THE AIR.



FLYING SAFELY AWAY WITH THE STOLEN EGG STILL IN HER BEAK.

The age-old theory that the cuckoo laid her egg on the ground, picked it up in her beak and then carried it to a chosen nest and dropped it in, leaving the owner to rear the young cutkoo, was only disproved towards the end of World War I, when the late Edgar Chance made the discovery that, in fact, the cuckoo lays her eggs in a chosen nest in the normal manner of all birds. Mr. Oliver Pike, the well-known bird photographer, was determined to prove that Chance's theory was, indeed, the correct one by securing a photographic record with his ciné-camera. On this

page we show part of a sequence of frames from Mr. Pike's unique ciné-film of a cuckoo actually laying her egg in the nest of a meadow pipit. Immediately on landing, the cuckoo moved quickly to the nest, picked up one of the pipit's eggs in her beak, sat on the nest and laid her own egg, then flew away with the stolen egg. Mr. Pike writes: "The most amazing thing in the whole performance was the rapidity with which the cuckoo accomplished the act of laying. From the moment she arrived until she flew away with the stolen egg only ten seconds passed."



Asia Minor, and told how, immensely and deservedly popular plant, it

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A PRODIGAL RETURNS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

aware and eventually definitely aware that we no longer had it. It was not that any fell disease attacked and took it from us. As far as I was concerned I just became aware, quite gradually, that the plant was no longer with me, neither in my nursery, nor in my private garden. This did not worry me greatly. I just wrote and ordered plants of *Viola gracilis* from a succession of reliable nurseries, and failed to get what I wanted. Some wrote and said they were out of it. Others offered "Gracilis" with fancy names attached—*grandiflora*, *superba*, *magnifica* or "Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson," and so on. I made endless attempts to find the plant both in nursery and private gardens, and failed always and in every direction. It really seemed to be totally extinct in cultivation, so that eventually and regretfully I gave up the search.

The only explanation that I can think of to account for the complete loss of this good plant is that *Viola gracilis* was always prolific in producing seeds, but was, alas, hopelessly promiscuous in its relations with other violas. Its offspring were never true *gracilis*, but always charming-looking but most shame-making mishaps, with the result that gardeners, both amateurs and nurserymen, were for ever selecting pretty seedling varieties from among their broods of *gracilis*

bastards, giving them fancy names and distributing them among friends and customers. The fascination of producing and naming new novelty plants is so powerful that eventually the true *Viola gracilis* became ousted, supplanted by innumerable consequences of her own fancy-free goings-on. And yet I find it hard to understand how the extinction of the plant became so apparently total. One would have thought that so sturdy and easily-pleased a perennial would have survived in the gardens of plant purists, and in botanic gardens. But no, for a period of perhaps sixteen years or so the true *gracilis* was not to be found in this country.

But then, about a couple of years ago, the prodigal returned as suddenly and unexpectedly as it had stolen away from our gardens. My son announced that someone had sent him a plant of true *Viola gracilis*. Had it not been that I realised that he knew the true plant as well as I did, and valued it almost as much, I would have been doubtful about this good news. But in this case there was no room for doubt. It was *gracilis* all right, and the plant has settled in and submitted to vegetative propagation, as it did when I first knew it.

With regard to launching seedling derivatives of *Viola gracilis* I must confess that I was guilty of one such lapse and, as a result, got all that I deserved.

"A CHARMING PARAGON OF A PLANT, WITH AN UNDEFINABLE AIR OF GOOD BREEDING AND GOOD MANNERS": THE TRUE *VIOLA GRACILIS*. (From a drawing by Professor Edward Roworth.)

suddenly seemed to pass clean out of cultivation in this country. I first grew *Viola gracilis* a few years before World War I and I find, in the R.H.S. List of Awards, 1859-1935, that the plant received an Award of Merit (Wallace) in 1908, and apparently it passed out of our gardens and nurseries at some time shortly before the last war.

What a grand little plant it was, forming as it did a dense, close carpet of fresh, dark-green foliage, and covering itself for months and summer months on end with a splendid crop of deepest pure violet blossoms, with a light, elegant butterfly outline, and a small snow-white central eye. It had a constitution of iron, with no fads and fancies as to soil or climate, and was dead easy to propagate from cuttings. In fact, a charming paragon of a plant, with an undefinable air of good breeding and good manners, which sometimes goes with true pure original wild species of plant, but which is seldom found among over-bred hybrid races of garden flowers—the bedding and show violas for instance. They have beauty of an entirely different kind. As a friend of mine remarked of a particularly sumptuous exhibit of bedding violas at Chelsea Show—"Bedding violas, well, yes, and I suppose not unbedworthy—in a certain type of garden." It is, I think, foolish to compare two such totally different types as *Viola gracilis* and its blood relations the bedding varieties. Personally I like both, but for entirely different purposes.

The passing of such an easy-to-grow plant as *Viola gracilis* was a very extraordinary thing, and "passing" is exactly the word for what happened. For some thirty odd years everyone grew it, and valued it greatly, and then we became vaguely



CLAIMED AS *VIOLA GRACILIS*, AND POSSESSING THE SAME FLOWER-OUTLINE AND HABIT, BUT WITH A RATHER WHISKERED "EYE" UNLIKE THE CLEARLY DEFINED SNOW-WHITE "EYE" OF THE TRUE PLANT. (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News* together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

A friend in Yorkshire gave me a plant for my Six Hills Nursery. It was a pure white seedling of *Viola gracilis*, and seemed a most attractive thing. When I showed it to my friend the late Amos Perry, who was a good judge of a good plant if ever there was one, he was tremendously enthusiastic about its charm and—as a nurseryman—its value, and he urged me strongly to name it, and launch it, as *Viola* "Clarence Elliott." This—with becoming modesty—I did, and then when I must have distributed several thousand specimens of *Viola* "Clarence Elliott," the miserable vegetable went back on me. Its glacial purity suddenly became besmirched with flecks and streaks of displeasing mauve. Horrible.

I immediately stopped all further sales of the plant, and destroyed all the remaining stock. But the damage was done, the beastly thing had got around among a fairly wide circle of nurseries and private gardens. The curious thing was that it was only under certain soil conditions that the flowers behaved in this way. On some nurseries it behaved perfectly. But even so there was always the chance that specimens would be sold to gardens in which the soil would have this evil effect.

That must have been in the mid-1920's, and one might have thought that this unfortunate plague would have worked itself out by now. But no, a year or two ago I saw an advertisement in one of the gardening papers of plants of *Viola* "Clarence Elliott" for sale.

But have done. Enough of this. Gardeners of a slightly later generation will be wondering why all this blah about a viola they have never seen, and probably never heard of. But if and when they do see and grow *Viola gracilis*, they do not agree that it is a grand little plant for either rock garden or for the mixed flower border, if, I say, they do not agree, then they are no friends of mine.



A HOST OF COLOURED PARACHUTES : A STRIKING SCENE AT A R.A.F. PARACHUTE SERVICING UNIT IN OXFORDSHIRE.

At the R.A.F. Transport Command Parachute Servicing Unit, Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, W.R.A.F. safety equipment workers are engaged in servicing and packing parachutes for the 16th Independent Airborne Brigade, Aldershot, and for the Parachute Training School at R.A.F. Station, Abingdon. The coloured parachutes shown above are used for supply dropping, the colours assisting in the rapid identification of arms, ammunition, food, medical

supplies, and so on. For "live" drops, white and khaki parachutes are used. The latter are re-packed every two months, and those for supplies, every three months. The colourful lives of the safety equipment workers are further enlivened by background music, which is found to make for greater efficiency. The parachutes are made by the G. Q. Parachute Co., Ltd., and Irving Air Chute of Great Britain Ltd.

Photograph by George Dovey, A.R.P.S., Air Ministry Photographic Reproduction Branch.



MAKING AN INTRICATE PATTERN AGAINST THE SETTING SUN: THE GIANT RADIO TELESCOPE AT JODRELL BANK, CHESHIRE.

Manchester University's Jodrell Bank radio telescope, which is the largest steerable one in the world, came into operation last autumn, and quickly made its mark on public interest all over the world when, at the request of the Russians, it helped to track Sputnik I. Now, in its more normal rôle under the direction of Professor A. C. B. Lovell, it is probing the invisible mysteries of the universe and looking back millions of light years to gather knowledge on the many problems raised by the new science of radio-astronomy.

The consulting engineers were Messrs. Husband and Company, and the telescope was built by the United Steel Structural Company. The 700-ton parabolic bowl reflector—250 ft. in diameter—can be pointed in any direction by pressing a button. The movable parts weigh some 2000 tons and are controlled by equipment supplied by the Brush Electrical Engineering Co. Ltd. This provides all the motive power for the telescope, and can traverse it with great accuracy at high speed or at an almost infinitesimal rate.

Reproduced from a colour photograph by Adolf Morath.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS: PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DISTINGUISHED CAREER IN THE NAVY: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE. Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, who died on April 29, aged ninety, came from a distinguished naval family in whose footsteps he followed. He entered the Navy in 1881 and during World War I served in the Dardanelles and was responsible for planning the evacuation of Helles, Gallipoli. He was Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, 1918-19, and later C.-in-C. Portsmouth from 1923-26. His autobiography, "My Naval Career," was published in 1949.



RE-ARRESTED IN KASHMIR: SHEIKH ABDULLAH, THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER. Sheikh Abdullah, the former Prime Minister of Kashmir, leading opponent of the present Prime Minister and strong advocate of self-determination for Kashmir, was re-arrested by Indian police in Srinagar, Kashmir, on April 30, after 3½ months out of gaol. The Premier is reported as accusing him of preaching Moslem fanaticism and of raising a private army with aid from Pakistan.



WARDEN-ELECT OF NEW COLLEGE: SIR WILLIAM HAYTER.

The Fellows of New College, Oxford, have announced their intention to elect in September Sir William Hayter as Warden of the college in succession to Mr. A. H. Smith, who is retiring because of ill-health. Sir William, who is fifty-one, was British Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. from 1953-57. He was educated at Winchester and New College, and entered H.M. Diplomatic Service in 1930.



A SCHOLAR AND CHURCH LEADER DIES: DR. T. W. MANSON.

Dr. T. W. Manson, Rylands Professor of Biblical Criticism and Exegesis at the University of Manchester since 1936, died aged sixty-four on May 1. In 1953 he was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England. He held several other university and public appointments, and wrote a number of books and also articles on ecclesiastical and theological subjects. He was born in the Shetland Isles.



A GREAT GOLFING TRIUMPH: D. SEWELL, OF HOOK HEATH ARTISANS.

D. Sewell, of Hook Heath Artisans and a British international player, won the English Amateur Golf Championship at Walton Heath, Surrey, on May 3, winning by the record margin of 8 up and 7 to play. He thus became the first man to hold the match-play and the stroke-play championship of England at the same time. He is only twenty-eight and won most of his matches easily.



THE F.A. CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: THE VICTORIOUS BOLTON WANDERERS SIDE, WITH RESERVE, PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE MATCH.

The 1958 F.A. Cup Final turned out to be a somewhat undramatic climax to the season and was won by Bolton Wanderers, who defeated Manchester United by 2-0. The match was watched by about 100,000 spectators and the Duke of Edinburgh was present. The number of television spectators was estimated in millions. Hopes that Manchester, after their losses in the tragic Munich air disaster, might have won received their first blow with the goal by Bolton soon after the match began. The Bolton side, above, is as follows: standing, l. to r., Gubbins (reserve), Hartle, Hennin, Hopkinson, Higgins, Edwards and Banks; front row, l. to r., Birch, Stevens, Lofthouse (Captain), Parry and Holden. Lofthouse, the Wanderers' Captain, scored both the goals.



INDUSTRIALIST, COLLECTOR AND CHAIRMAN OF CHRISTIE'S: THE LATE MR. R. W. LLOYD. Mr. R. W. Lloyd, who died in London on April 29 at the age of ninety, had a wide range of interests—in commerce, newspapers, mountaineering, entomology and collecting. His retirement as Chairman of Christie's, the auctioneers, had been announced less than four weeks before his death. It is believed that his notable collection of Turner drawings will be left to the nation.



DEATH OF THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR: MR. ALI SOHEILY.

Mr. Ali Soheily, the Persian Ambassador in London since 1954 and formerly Prime Minister of Persia, died in London on May 1, aged sixty-one. Mr. Soheily had first come to London as Minister in 1937, and he held his first term as Ambassador from 1950-52. He had had many other ministerial and diplomatic offices, including that of Foreign Minister. He was Prime Minister in 1942 and from 1943-44.



THE FORTHCOMING STATE VISIT: SIGNOR GRONCHI, THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT.

The State visit to England of the Italian President and Signora Gronchi will take place from May 13 to 16. They will be guests of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Buckingham Palace. Signor Gronchi is to visit the grave of the Unknown Warrior, the Guildhall and Cambridge University, and will receive the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.



A FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF NORWAY DIES: HR. OSCAR TORP.

Hr. Oscar Torp, President of the Storting and Prime Minister of Norway from 1951 to 1955, died aged sixty-five on May 2. He began work early in life, as a smith's mate, his father dying when he was fourteen. He was a trade union official at fifteen, joining the Labour Party Central Committee in 1918. He was appointed Defence Minister in 1935, and was in England in the war.



ARGENTINA'S PRESIDENT SWORN IN: DR. ARTURO FRONDIZI.

Dr. Arturo Frondizi, the son of poor Italian immigrants, took the oath of office as President of Argentina for a term of six years on May 1. He was sworn-in at a joint session of senators and deputies elected to provide Argentina with a constitutional Government after General Aramburu's two years' revolutionary administration. Dr. Frondizi warned Congress of Argentina's economic plight.

THE CIVIL WAR IN INDONESIA: THE CAMPAIGN IN SUMATRA, AND THE AIR ATTACKS.



UNDERGOING TRAINING AT THE INDONESIAN REBEL STRONGHOLD OF BUKIT TINGGI: YOUNG STUDENTS FROM SUMATRA.



(Above.) A FORETASTE OF THEIR INADEQUACY IN THE FACE OF INDONESIAN GOVERNMENT TROOPS: REBEL TRAINEES IN A LIGHTHEARTED MOOD.



(Left.) DURING THE BRIEF BATTLE FOR PADANG ON APRIL 17: A REBEL 37-MM. GUN REPLYING TO FIRE FROM GOVERNMENT WARSHIPS.



(Right.) WAITING FOR THE ATTACK BY INDONESIAN GOVERNMENT FORCES WHICH QUICKLY OVERCAME THEM: REBEL DEFENDANTS OF PADANG.



CAPTURED BY INDONESIAN GOVERNMENT FORCES DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN SUMATRA: A GROUP OF REBEL TROOPS, MANY OF THEM STUDENTS.



GUARDED BY A SOLITARY GOVERNMENT SOLDIER: SOME OF THE REBEL FORCES WHO QUICKLY LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS DURING THE ATTACK ON PADANG.

After the capture of the rebel coastal centre of Padang by Indonesian Government forces on April 17, the campaign in Sumatra has continued on its amazingly bloodless course. The rebel forces have failed to put up any worthwhile resistance in the defence of their "strongholds." They were expected to make a stand at Bukit Tinggi, about 50 miles north of Padang, but on April 21 Indonesian Army headquarters announced that the Sumatran rebels had abandoned this town, and were concentrating in the two towns of Solok and Batu Sangkar. On April 27, however, Solok was easily captured, and again little resistance was offered. Jakarta reported that two rebels had been killed there. On the following day a new element entered into this strange civil war, with the growing

SHOWING THE STRANGE BLOODLESSNESS OF THE WAR: SCENES FROM INDONESIA.



BOMBED, SET ON FIRE AND SUNK WHILE IN BALIKPAPAN HARBOUR, EAST BORNEO, ON APRIL 28: THE BRITISH 12,278-TON TANKER, *SAN FLAVIANO*.



ALSO IN BALIKPAPAN HARBOUR DURING THE RAID ON APRIL 28: THE SHELL 8139-TON BRITISH TANKER *DARONIA*, WHICH NARROWLY ESCAPED DAMAGE.



EVACUATING SUMATRAN CIVILIANS FROM PADANG SHORTLY BEFORE ITS CAPTURE BY GOVERNMENT FORCES: A TRAIN SENT FROM THE REBEL HEADQUARTERS AT SOLOK.



THE AFTERMATH OF THE BRIEF BATTLE FOR PADANG: TWO SHIPS SUNK AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR. IT IS NOT KNOWN HOW THEY WERE SUNK.



DURING THE ASSAULT ON PADANG, WHICH FELL AFTER ONLY ELEVEN HOURS: GOVERNMENT TROOPS MOVING ASHORE FROM LANDING CRAFT.

activity of a small number of "unidentified" aircraft, believed to be based at Menado, North Celebes, and certainly belonging to the rebels. It was one of these aircraft—there are thought to be about six in all—which carried out the raid on the harbour at Balikpapan, in Indonesian Borneo, where the tanker *San Flaviano*, was set on fire, fortunately with only slight casualties among the all-British crew. It was later reported that an Indonesian Navy gunboat was also made a total loss in this raid. There were several other reports of attacks on shipping, but on May 4 Jakarta claimed the destruction of two of the rebel aircraft. Meanwhile, in Sumatra Government forces captured Padangpandjang and Bukit Tinggi on May 4, making the close of this campaign imminent.



ON THE ROAD TO THE REBEL STRONGHOLD AT BUKIT TINGGI, WHICH THEY CAPTURED ON MAY 4: GOVERNMENT TROOPS MOVING ON FROM PADANG.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PURE PURITANS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY of the Mount wrote "The Three Estaits," we remember, "in commendation of vertew and

vein), but, at the same time, he is lucky to work for the Countess Olivia. I hope that, when he has been "entreated to a peace," he will recognise that. She is one of the most amusing people we have met in Illyria for some time.

Let me say at once that, if we want the poetry of Illyria—and we do—this is not the place to find it. Dorothy Tutin has the idea, though her speaking is not comparable with Barbara Jefford's at the Vic; but there is not a whisper of poetry, not a syllable, in Geraldine McEwan's Olivia. Why, then, is she so pleasant to meet? Simply because she and Mr. Hall between them have decided to bring to us the Countess as she is, not as she has long been romanticised. I am prepared to encounter

her in either mood, for Olivia has needed to be shown up. Still, I confess to a shock at the first impact of this gawky, affected fibbertigibbet. The performance grows on one: in a sense it is outrageous, but it is most carefully judged, and Miss McEwan enjoys every minute of it. Malvolio, I feel, would have found her uncommonly light-headed. Maybe he hoped to put things right after marriage. Since Stratford I have wondered, disloyally, whether I shall be able to take the conventional Olivia again. On reflection, it will be happy to return to the verse. Miss McEwan can be described as an adorably dangerous impostor, in Illyria on a visit.

If this shameless coquette had lived in the Aix-en-Provence of 1868, she would infallibly have heard a long sermon "in commendation of vertew and vituperation of vice." The speaker would have been Lucile, wife of the public attorney of Aix in Jean Giraudoux's last play, a lament for purity, now at the Apollo in a version ("Duel of Angels") that does honour to the translator, Christopher Fry.

"Duel of Angels" is a distant variation on Roman tragedy: its original title was "*Pour Lucrèce*." Hence the setting in the licentious, indolent Roman-derived town of Aix, and the death of Lucile. Unlike Lucrèce, the woman does not die in shame, but in despair at the stupidity and wickedness and coarseness of men. The play is a fight between virtue and vice, purity and paganism, chastity and desire. Paganism has all the cards. The sultry Paola, who revenges herself so fiercely upon the too rigid Lucile, is a part that Vivien Leigh acts with a scorching directness, a mocking force, that could not well be matched. Claire Bloom, in comparison, can only loiter palely, though intelligently. Nothing becomes her like her death. It is a difficult play, a brooding play, one that would have been better if Giraudoux had been able to revise it finally, but one that does fix theatrical attention. And there are performances that fit easily into the Jean-Louis Barrault production: those by Freda Jackson, as an old procuress; Peter Wyngarde, as the Don Juan of Aix who is rumoured, falsely, to have violated Lucile while she lay in drugged sleep; and Robin Bailey, as Lucile's preposterously egoistic husband.

"Expresso Bongo" (Saville), in which any Puritan who dared to show his face would have had a very bad time, is about the shadowy "underground" of popular music where teenage marvels appear to be born every minute, and all depends on being able to fit one's racket to the racket. It is perhaps the last play on earth, at any rate on the London stage, in which I would have expected to meet Paul Scofield; but, as the determinedly creative agent, he shows again that nothing stops him. His accent itself is a miracle: loose-lipped, slurred, the syllables dripping from the corner of the mouth. As for the musical play itself, by four authors and composers, it appears to have been written at high speed and in rapidly-corroding ink. A rusty dirge, called "Nothing is for nothing; nothing is for free," has haunted me throughout the week.

This is savage satire (observe the song called "The Shrine on the Second Floor"). Though it may affect you like an amiable Eastern torture (the painting of exposed nerve-ends with a solution of pepper), I recommend you to go to the Saville and to take what comes. It is an uncanny night; and you should certainly meet Paul Scofield's Johnnie, a personage at whom Malvolio and Lucile would talk until they were blue in the face.



"AS THE DETERMINEDLY CREATIVE AGENT, HE SHOWS AGAIN THAT NOTHING STOPS HIM": PAUL SCOFIELD AS JOHNNIE IN A SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL PLAY, "EXPRESSO BONGO" (SAVILLE), BY WOLF MANKOWITZ AND JULIAN MORE.

vituperation of vice." Vertew in the theatre lately has had a poor time. Malvolio, at Stratford-upon-Avon, suffers for his refusal to countenance the midnight cakes and ale. The too chaste Lucile, in Giraudoux's play, is an unhappy vituperator. And we can hardly say that, in "Expresso Bongo," at the Saville, morality triumphs. At the end we find the shady agent jumping again on to the band-wagon, from the other side of which he has just fallen with a thud. He calls it the "gravy train," but no matter: there ought to be a glossary in the programme.

We all realise what Malvolio is like, though, according to Maria (whose status in the household is still indefinite), "the Devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly." Andrew says that, if he thought Malvolio were a puritan, he'd beat him like a dog. On being challenged, the dear knight says: "I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough." Somehow, I seem to have missed that line in the current revivals of "Twelfth Night" at the Old Vic and at Stratford. I have no doubt that it is spoken, but on each evening it has escaped me. That is curious when one remembers other Andrews, in whose eyes, on the words "reason good enough," has shone for a moment the light of memories quite fantastic.

Now that a week has gone since Peter Hall's revival of "Twelfth Night" at Stratford, I find most of it dimming in recollection, one performance excepted. There are some atmospheric sets, blurred and gauze-veiled, by Lila de Nobili, who hints for us at the kind of castle-in-the-air Illyria we can build for ourselves. Much of the acting is capable: a wryly resolute Andrew by Richard Johnson, a sturdy Sir Toby (Patrick Wymark), and a very pleasant child-Viola by Dorothy Tutin in Stuart costume, though she is not naturally a Shakespearean, and will let you wonder whether she has said "worthy service" or "worth his." Mark Dignam's Malvolio lives, clearly, on quinine and small green apples. We are sorry for the man because he is gulled (nothing can defend that prison scene, in its Elizabethan bear-baiting



"THE PLAY IS A FIGHT BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE, PURITY AND PAGANISM, CHASTITY AND DESIRE": "DUEL OF ANGELS," SHOWING A SCENE FROM GIRAUDOUX'S PLAY AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

"Duel of Angels," a translation by Christopher Fry of Jean Giraudoux's play "*Pour Lucrèce*," opened at the Apollo Theatre on April 24. It is directed by Jean-Louis Barrault with settings by Roger Furse, and the women's dresses by Christian Dior. This scene, from Act III, shows Paola (Vivien Leigh) confronting her husband Armand (Basil Hoskins) while Lucile (Claire Bloom), wearing the scarf of mourning, looks on (left). In the background is Babette (Freda Jackson), who has been the tool of Paola in the mechanics of the plot and who speaks the last lines of the play over Lucile's dead body.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"VARIATION ON A THEME" (Globe).—Margaret Leighton in a new play by Terence Rattigan. (May 8.)

THE LONDON BUS STRIKE; AND HOME NEWS OF ARCHITECTURE, SPORT AND MOTORING.



VICTORIA STATION FORECOURT—AND NOT A BUS IN SIGHT: THE FIRST MORNING OF THE LONDON BUS STRIKE, WHICH BEGAN AT MIDNIGHT, MAY 4-5.

The strike of London's 47,000 busmen, called by the Transport and General Workers' Union, which has been described as "the strike nobody wants"—least of all the general public—began at midnight on May 4-5. A mass meeting of 8000 delegates on May 2 confirmed the decision; and a final appeal to the men not to strike made by Sir John Elliot was dismissed by Mr. Cousins, the general secretary, as likely to be resented.



THE NEW PREMISES OF THE LONDON BIBLE COLLEGE, BESIDE ST. MARYLEBONE CHURCH, WHICH WERE TO BE OPENED AND DEDICATED TO-DAY, MAY 10.

The London Bible College, which began on the same site in 1946 with eight students and one tutor, the present principal, the Rev. E. S. Kevan, is an interdenominational establishment training men and women for the home field, foreign missions and for work as scripture specialists in schools.



REPAIRED AND REFURNISHED AND BACK IN POSITION AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FIVE MONTHS: THE CENTRE GATES OF THE ADMIRALTY ARCH, AT THE END OF THE MALL. THEY WEIGH 4½ TONS EACH AND ARE BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST WROUGHT-IRON GATES IN LONDON.



MR. MACMILLAN'S CRICKETING SUNDAY: THE PRIME MINISTER AUTOGRAPHING A BAT WHILE WATCHING A CHARITY MATCH AT BICKLEY ON MAY 4 BETWEEN THE "PRIME MINISTER'S XI," LED BY SIR LEONARD HUTTON, AND THE KENT COUNTY SIDE. THE OCCASION EVOKED PROTESTS BY THE LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE SOCIETY.



AT THE UNVEILING OF A BUST OF SIR ARTHUR ELVIN AT WEMBLEY STADIUM: THE CHAIRMAN, SIR BRACEWELL SMITH, ACCEPTING THE BUST. A bust of Sir Arthur Elvin (who died in February 1957 and who "created the word Wembley in sporting circles") was unveiled on May 2 by Lord Citrine in the presence of representatives of the sporting world.



IN THE FASTEST EVER SILVERSTONE RACE: MR. P. COLLINS WINNING THE DAILY EXPRESS TROPHY RACE IN A V6 FERRARI AT AN AVERAGE 101.82 M.P.H.

In the 150-mile trophy race at Silverstone on May 4, Mr. Peter Collins in the second lap equalled the new lap record of 1 min. 42 secs. (103.1 m.p.h.) which had just been set by M. Jean Behra in a new B.R.M. Behra's goggles were cut by a flying stone—which put him out of the running.



"JET 1," THE WORLD'S FIRST GAS TURBINE CAR, BEING MANŒUVRED INTO THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, WHERE IT WILL BE ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION.

This experimental car, which was designed and built by the Rover Company of Solihull in 1948, has been presented by the company to the Science Museum. It has covered a flying mile at more than 150 m.p.h. but is now superseded in the company's development programme by the T.3.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ANY kind of writing will become serious if it goes on long enough, and it is some time since the Western made its debut as literature. These early "classics" have been on a small scale, with a strong tendency to pathos; and now we meet the same formula on a higher level. "Road to Socorro," by Charles O. Locke (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is quite short, but with a great deal in reserve; and its pathos may be called tragic. And here it gets a fair start; whereas in America it was labelled "The Hell-Bent Kid."

Though, to be sure, Tot Lohman has had it from the beginning. He was the youngest son of a sheriff in North-West Texas. Two of his brothers became peace officers, and "got killed fast." His little sister was "arrow-shot" in a Comanche raid. Then his mother died. Tot had been the "home boy" during her life, and "What she told me stayed with me a long time. . . . She was a Quaker woman my mother was." After that his father toughened him up and taught him to shoot; he is a natural genius with a rifle. And then the old man "suddenly took consumption," and went off to New Mexico for the climate, looking like a skeleton. At eighteen Tot was alone in the world. And on the way to his first job, he had to kill Shorty Boyd in self-defence.

For some time he is "probated" to his employer. But the ranch is no haven. The Boyds are sure to pursue; he won't stay on and make trouble for Mr. Restow. Besides, he has heard disturbing rumours about his father, and is set on getting to him. Against all advice—for the road to Socorro is Boyd country. He will never reach it; his only safety is to go east. . . . However, nothing can change his purpose. He has some things to fall back on: heroic fortitude and tenacity, a deadly rifle, and indifference to odds. "I was not afraid of dying because I did not much care. The way things had gone with me and my people made me that way." On the other hand, he is fatally self-reliant: gently, inflexibly resolved not to embroil anyone. And much worse, he is no killer. It sickens him to have killed, for any reason. "This is not only my people's teaching but is normal," he writes at last.

Meanwhile, he has evaded death after death, and reached his father—most horribly; and still the Boyds are not done with him. An exciting, brilliant story, massive under the surface, and raised to poignancy by Tot's style. This is indeed nine-tenths of the effect, and incommunicable.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Mark of the Warrior," by Paul Scott (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), would be more important if it came off, and is very striking even as a near-miss. The scene is India in 1943; and Major Craig has been posted to an officers' training school. In the retreat from Burma, he lost a subaltern named John Ramsay, and among the cadets is a younger Ramsay—his brother over again. Craig has had John Ramsay on his conscience. For he was no good in the jungle; he was afraid of it, like the men. Only John Ramsay understood it, being there to kill; and the ersatz leader cost the war a natural leader. But here is his second chance. This boy has the jungle-instinct in embryo, ready to draw out.

So he goes to work, always under the sign of that river-crossing in Burma. His method is like an unrelenting, unspoken feud, with the field training scheme as its climax. This episode, the nearest we get to battle, has the full excitement of battle; and it leads to a new river-crossing, in another jungle, on the anniversary of John's death. . . . Strong, subtle—but not perfectly integrated. Born leaders should stay the course better; and while Mrs. Craig may be required by the thesis, she is a passenger in the story.

"The City and the Dream," by Ernest Raymond (Cassell; 16s.), brings the author's London cycle to an end, after sixteen "pictures" and twenty-three years; and he has chosen a sub-Dickensian fairytale to wind up with. John Kenrick Betterkin and his sister Pearl—a sad, comic little pair—are attic-lodgers in grimiest Clerkenwell. Pearl has been in prison (she is a compulsive shop-lifter) and their brother Godfrey won't own her. But one day poor, struggling Kerry will be famous, marry his thin girl, and put the respectable Godfrey to the blush. . . . He is writing an extravagantly bad novel. It gets published, but then comes a very dark phase. However, he is encouraged to try again—and hits the jackpot with a theme very like Mr. Raymond's. The tale is full of characteristic humour and likability.

"The Night of the Good Children," by Marjorie Carleton (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), features a residential village in New York State, and a lone murderer on the run. The Fanner has "snatched" and killed a child. He is broke, which means a new job. . . . That night the Bensons are out and Sally Gould, 16, is minding small Davy Benson, with three of her friends. A gas leak drives them out of the house. The Fanner, who was casing the joint, contrives to latch on. . . . Very animated and tense, with lifelike and sometimes comic figures. And presenting (which is the theme) a new younger generation—quiet, obedient and responsible. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM MERTHYR TO MOSCOW, AND A NOTED LONDON THEATRE.

"THE footlights are going out all over London. We shall never see them relighted in our time." That, or something like it, is the threnody which has been composed and sung by actors, managers, and lovers of the London theatre for some time before the recent controversy over the St. James's Theatre, which lies now, like Heraclitus, "a handful of grey ashes." There is no sentiment like the sentiment of the old troupier, and no emotion like the emotion of the ardent theatregoer recollecting old first nights in tranquillity. This is a callous age, and some people may find all this rather stuffy. If so, they will be unable to enjoy Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope's "St. James's, Theatre of Distinction" (W. H. Allen; 25s.), published in time to serve as an epilogue to the century and more of the St. James's existence. There is much that is personal in the author's feeling, because he was for a time manager of the theatre, and he gives his readers the authentic atmosphere. "I have stood on a stage," he writes, "when the theatre has emptied after an enthusiastic first night, and felt the fatigue which seems to fill both stage and auditorium. It is as if the strain on the nerves engendered by creation has eased and that the place is throwing itself back and relaxing, glad of the rest, but conscious also of a glow of pride. I have sensed the frustration of a failure of which much has been expected but which has gone astray. You may say that this is just innate personal feeling consequent upon association. I think it is not, for sometimes I have had no connection with the event at all, except as a spectator, but have got the message just the same."

If there are such ghosts of impressed emotions, surely they walk in theatres. But they are, as Mr. Macqueen-Pope calls them in an earlier chapter, "such pleasant ghosts." "Theatres," he continues, "are strange places and theatrical folk are strange folk. There is very little sanity in a theatre, at least of the sort of sanity which belongs to the ordinary world. These people of the playhouse are a world apart. They don't deal in an ordinary marketable commodity. They deal in something which may be of great value or worth nothing at all. And they can never predict which it will be." There is observation here, as well as feeling, of no mean order. That is why this book is so much better than the usual catalogue of productions, managements, actors and actresses, the successes, the failures, the visits from Royalty, and the recorded anecdotes which make up the usual story of any theatre. However, the St. James's was not extinguished like a spent candle. The crusade led by Miss Vivien Leigh (marred, for me, only by the strident bad taste of her interruption during a House of Lords debate) saw to it that London, Great Britain and the world were about the death-bed of the dying theatre. All this is well and quietly told by Mr. Macqueen-Pope, who never allows his enthusiasm to mar his judgment or courtesy. There is hope as well as sorrow in the last words of his farewell. The elegy of this distinguished theatre has been written with an equal distinction by a man who has known and loved it since he was a boy.

Once, not long before the war, when I was travelling westwards on the Taurus Express, I saw the rays of the early morning sun catch a little white chapel high above us on the mountainside. I pointed this out to a chance travelling companion, who lifted a suspicious, Belfast eye and remarked:—"I expect it'll be a Catholic one, though." I was reminded of this by a similar story told by A. Trystan Edwards in his contribution to the Regional Books series, "Merthyr, Rhondda and 'the Valleys'" (Robert Hale; 18s.), of a Welsh soldier convalescing in Jerusalem who dismissed the Holy Places in the words: "Bother old Jerusalem! Give me Tonypandy on a Saturday night." Which all goes to show—though Mr. Edwards may not agree with me—that there are prices too high to pay for regional loyalties. It was, however, a lesson to me to find from this book how potent these loyalties are for places which are regarded by the rest of the world as superficially forbidding. Mr. Edwards seeks out and explains their hidden attractions in a cultivated and urbane manner—and with no little generosity to the English, who have carelessly or greedily slapped

down so many blots on the landscape!

Messrs. Benn's Blue Guides are usually good, and I can confidently recommend the latest volumes, "Oxford and Cambridge" and "Majorca with Minorca and Iviza" (7s. 6d. each), with all of which places I am well acquainted. Mr. L. Russell Muirhead has edited both guides in a most workmanlike way.

The Blue Guides are, of course, blue, and Nagel's "Moscow" (and environs), "Leningrad" (and environs), both in the same volume (Muller; 36s.), is equally, of course, red. I know nothing of these cities, so I can only congratulate the editor on the mass of detail he has managed to accumulate, and on his singularly good idea of adding a few sentences in Russian, explaining that the owner is a tourist from the West, and asking for help either by signs or by pointing at a map. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is fairly certain that this game will not be published anywhere else, for 239 other games besides were played in the Stevenson Memorial tournament, and these two protagonists finished respectively forty-fifth and thirty-sixth in the final table. This very fact, however, and the quality of the play, speak well for the strength of the event. A. T. Watson is a Brighton player who has adorned club and congress chess for over half-a-century, perennially cheery, occasionally brilliant and somehow managing never to look a day older than forty throughout.

RUY LOPEZ.

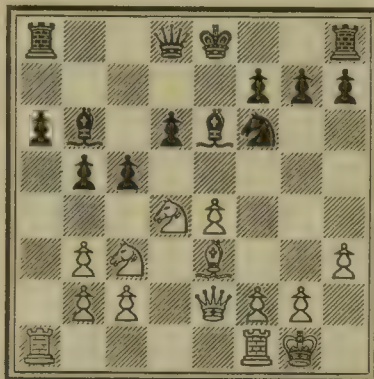
| A. T. | E. G. | A. T. | E. G. |
|------------|--------|----------|--------|
| WATSON | EXELL | WATSON | EXELL |
| White | Black | White | Black |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 6. B-Kt3 | B-B4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | 7. Q-K2 | P-Q3 |
| 3. B-Kt5 | P-QR3 | 8. P-KR3 | B-K3 |
| 4. B-R4 | Kt-B3 | 9. Kt-B3 | Kt-QR4 |
| 5. Castles | P-QKt4 | 10. P-Q3 | Kt×B |

It is more usual for White to take early steps to preserve his king's bishop by playing P-QB3 and B-QB2. However, its disappearance here, in opening the queen's rook's file, plays a big part in winning the game.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|-----------|-------|
| 11. RP×Kt | P-B3 | 13. P-Q4 | P×P |
| 12. B-K3 | B-Kt3 | 14. KKt×P | P-B4? |

Infringing the simple old principle "Develop your pieces!" I cannot see the least reason why he should not castle; it would have saved him a lot of pain.

(Black)



(White)

I wonder can you see, without looking further than the diagram, how this apparently sound move immediately loses Black a pawn, apart from seriously damaging his position?

15. Kt×B P×Kt 16. R×P! P-Kt5
16. . . . R×R; 17. Q×Pch and 18. Q×R would only send a second pawn after the first.
17. Q-Kt5ch Kt-Q2 18. R×R Q×R

Now Black cannot castle, as his king is tied to the defence of his knight. This soon has hard consequences.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|-------------|-------|
| 19. Kt-R4 | Q-Kt1 | 22. B-Kt5ch | Kt-B3 |
| 20. R-R1 | B-B2 | 23. P-K5! | P×P |
| 21. Q-B6 | K-K2 | 24. Kt×P | B-Q3 |

Had Black tried 24. . . . Q-QB, White planned to play 25. R-R8! e.g., 25. . . . Q×R; 26. Q-Q7ch as in the game.

25. Q-Q7ch Resigns

Black's knight is, of course, pinned and immobile. He would have been mated on move 27.

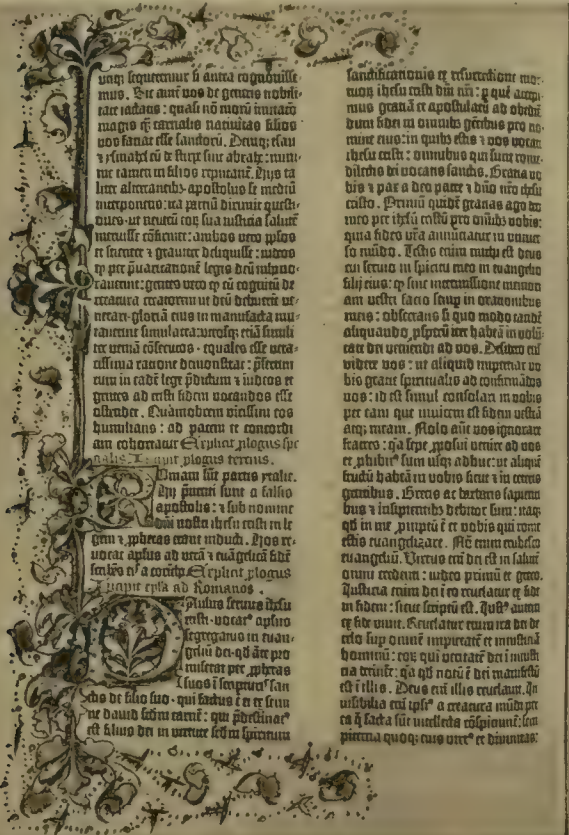
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[Continued below, left.]



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Continued.] as one of the outstanding libraries in London. In 1941 incendiary bombs severely damaged the Great Hall which is the centre of the Library, and though the manuscripts and most precious books had been evacuated, thousands of books were destroyed or damaged. The war-damaged buildings have now been restored, and with the help of a grant of £15,000 from the Pilgrim Trust, many books have been rebound and repaired, and the huge task of classifying and

cataloguing the printed books has been undertaken. In all, over £130,000 has been spent on the reconstruction and restoration of the buildings and the rehabilitation of the contents of the Library. Last year the Trustees launched the Lambeth Palace Library Appeal in order to put the financial position of the Library on a firmer basis. Donations (and enquiries) should be addressed to the Library Appeal, Lambeth Palace, S.E.1.



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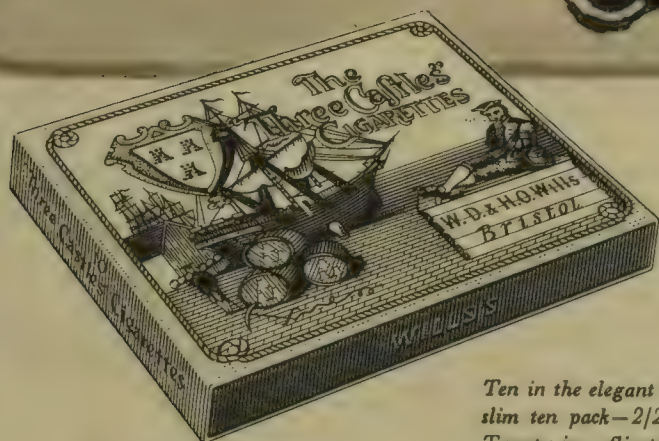
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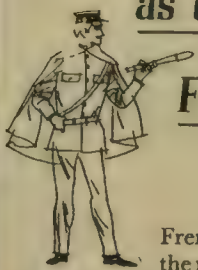
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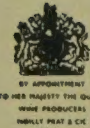
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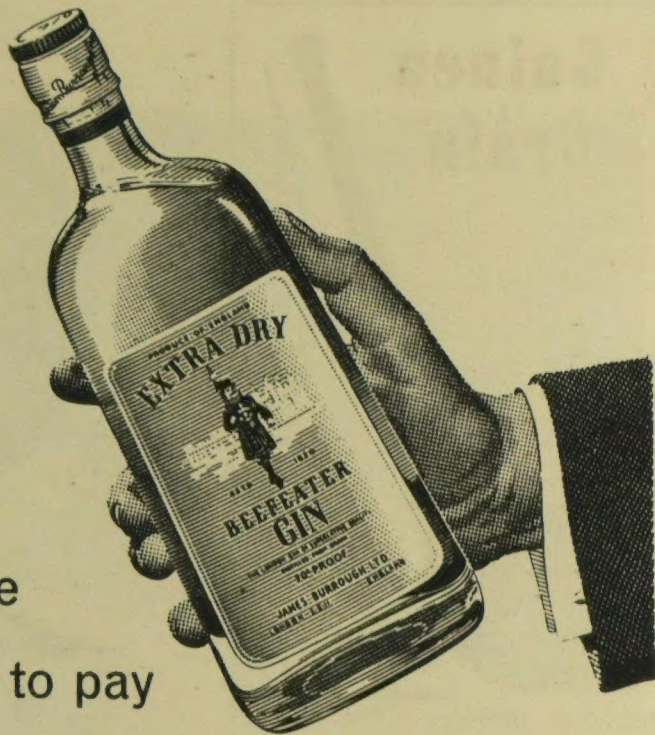
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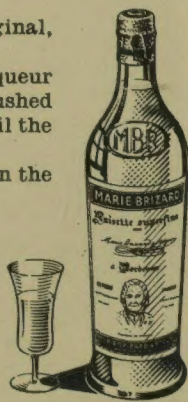
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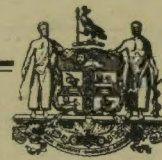
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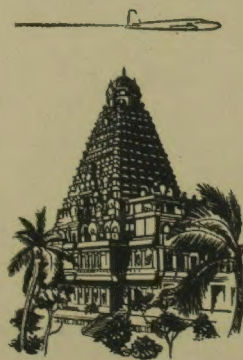
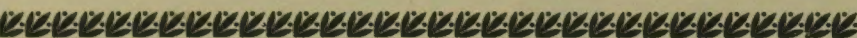
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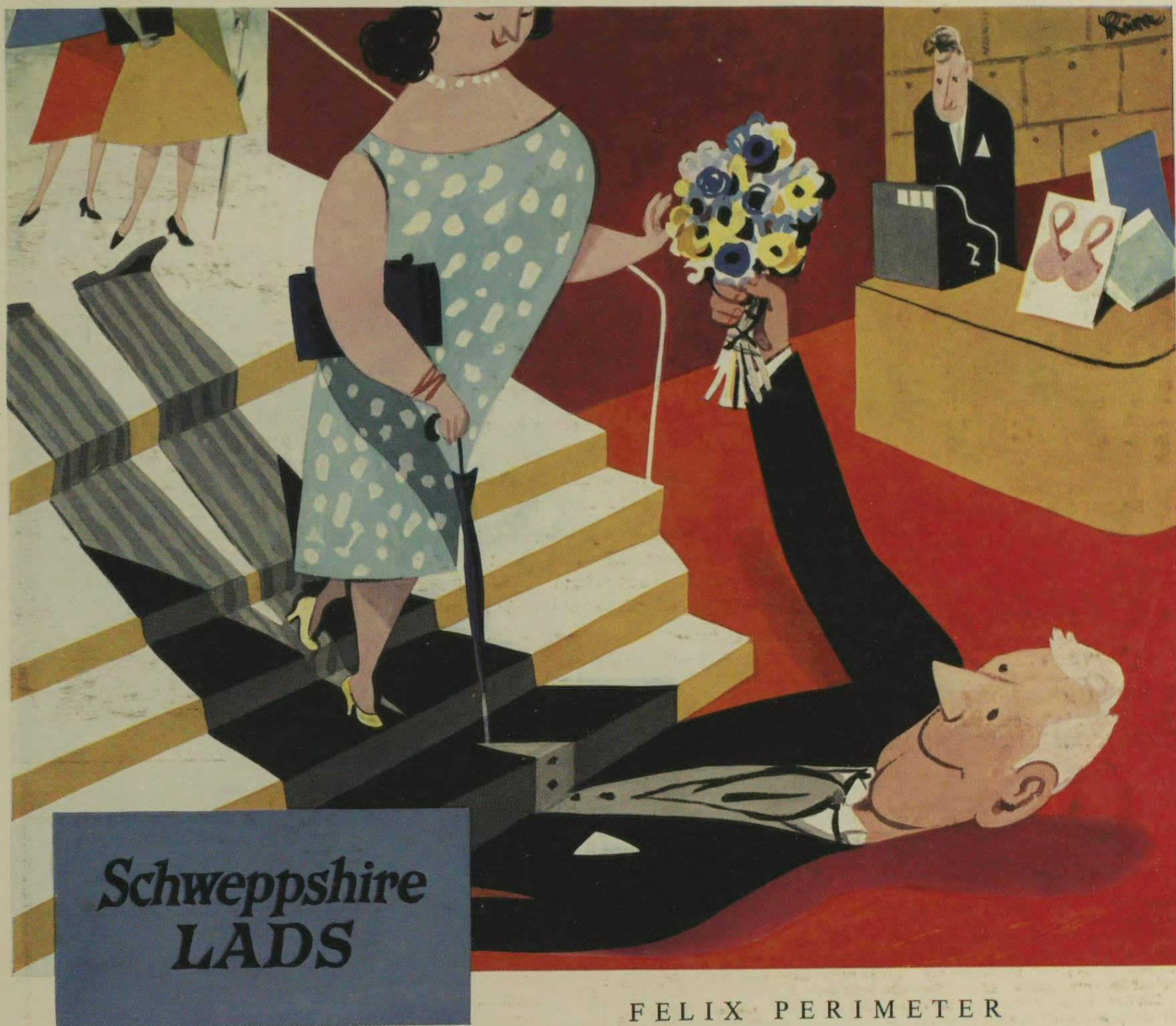
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Of all the examples of *Schweppshire Lads who Made Good*, few teach a simpler or more cogent lesson than the story of Felix Perimeter.

Nobody liked him at school and his teachers in particular loathed him; for Felix was always saying "No." "Keep your hands clean," said his Kindergarten Form Mistress.

"No," said Felix. "The tactile approach is awf'y 'portant."

Obviously destined for the Army, he did well until Colonel Gravy, of Ballistics, told him that after three years he ought to be able to multiply $2x$ by $2y$. "No," said Felix. "You are asking me to elaborate an abstraction before I have been made to comprehend the concept of fluid measurement on which algebra is founded."

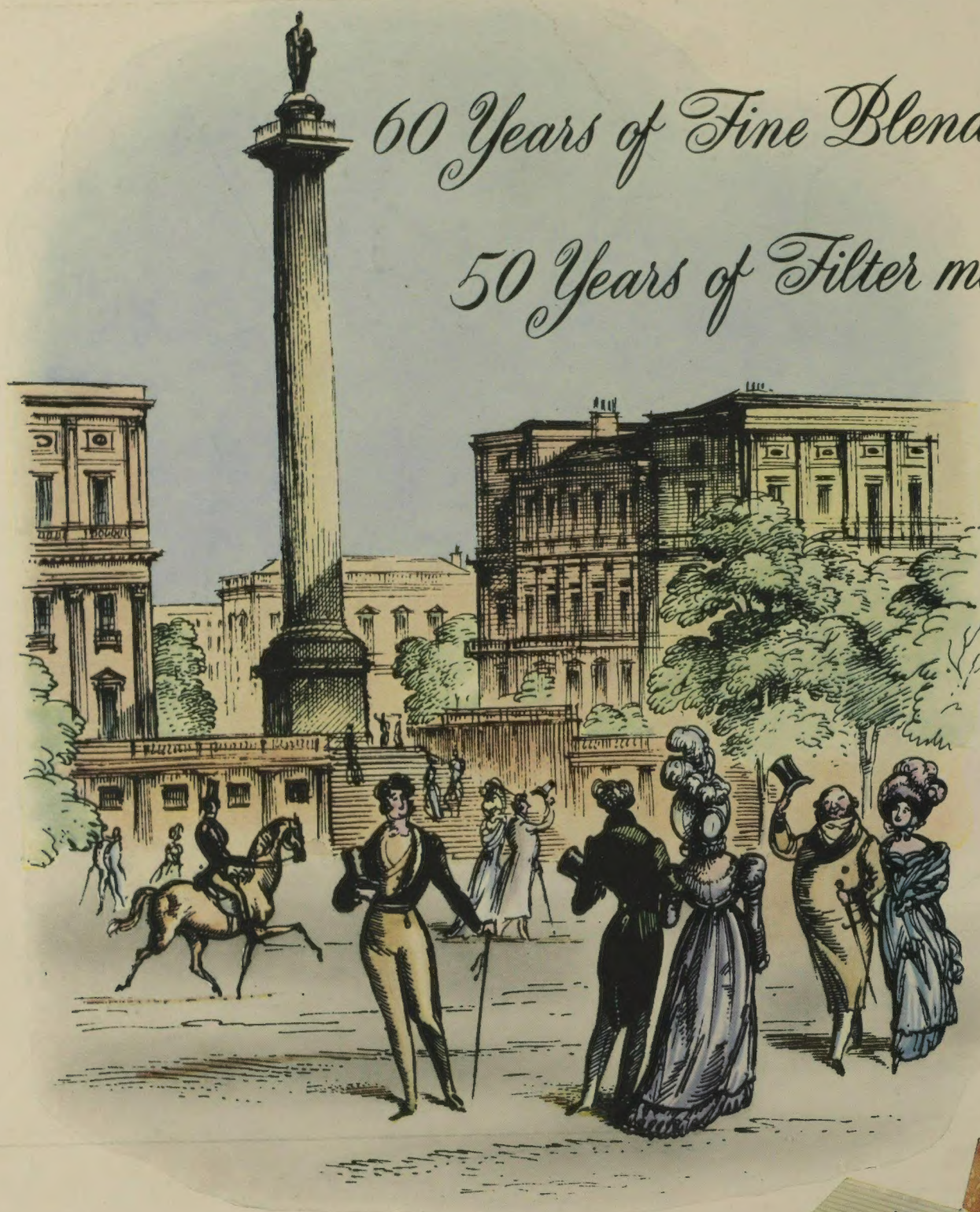
Obviously destined for the pen, Felix yet did badly by always sending in the wrong stuff for the right paper and vice versa. To the Editor of the *Dry Fly Fisher's Gazette*, for instance, he often sent 5,000 words on the "Lack of Anthropomorphism in D. H. Lawrence's *Animal Poetry*, Part I". "Unsuitable," said the Editor. "No," wrote Felix, posting Part II. Success came when Coke, of Personnel, made Felix salesman in the china department of Hipmaster's Store, to help clear the 1922 stock of Spanish Galleons painted with a chocolate porcelain finish on a nickel base. "Your 'No' approach has emptied the shelves," said Coke. "No," said Felix and thereafter started to say Yes. This change of personality did him no good. Women customers liked it, but our illustration of this phase of Felix shows that his personality lost much of its independence.

The end is well known. Forcibly promoted through the executive ranks, he finally became P.R. Advisor to Hipmaster Subsidiaries where his salary is now so high, that he has to live in Switzerland in order to earn it, where of course he can't earn it, so that he has no salary.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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